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# MORNING OF TO-DAY

FLORENCE BONF

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Sam Armstrong.

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Bone



# THE MORNING OF TO-DAY

BY  
FLORENCE BONE <sup>L</sup>



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TO  
LUCY





## CHAPTER I

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.—*Gray.*

THE mellow beneficence of September lay over the wild ways of the North Riding of Yorkshire early in the eighteenth century. But where the woods crept up to kiss the moorland, and the miles of heather glowed with royal purple, the face of the earth was as it is today. For in those quiet precincts there is only change in the landscape of hearts. It was the hour of four in the afternoon, and already in hillside homesteads the day was nearly done. There was everywhere an air of that sweet, old-fashioned leisure which the world has nearly lost. It lingered in the slant sunlight that threw shadows across the winding road between the steep ways of Black Hambleton and the little market town of Thirsk. It hovered under the rustle of amber woods that covered the hillside between the village of Garth and the edge of the moors, and it crept about the atmosphere of Windygarth.

Practically, there was no village in the hollow

between two hills, where the rooks chanted requiems in the elms about the gray old church tower. It was only a hamlet, where few people came even to the sombre service on Sunday morning. There were three or four cottages opposite to the lych-gate, but most of the inhabitants of Garth were those who lay under the crooked gravestones and beneath the long grass where daisies grew undisturbed.

A winding lane with ragged hedges lined with meadowsweet led upward from the hamlet of Garth to an old past-haunted homestead, standing alone upon a patch of level land halfway up the side of the moor. It faced the wide and wonderful view of the far-reaching countryside and the distant hills. Upon its right rose an almost precipitous cliff, heather-clad and bracken-bordered, that led away to the moors. And behind it, reached by a narrow path across the turf, lay the mysterious lake of Greymire.

Even in the eighteenth century Windygarth was very old. The suns of two hundred summers had mellowed its brick walls to a crimson hue. Every year the ivy crept over the edge of its three red-roofed gables, and was cut away only to come again. The crimson Rambler about its deep-browed porch stole up to the window above. Once Windygarth had been a manor-house, but it had sunk to the level of a farmstead. The Saxtons had lived there for centuries, but little remained of their former status save its pride. Yet there was about each member of that typically taciturn North Riding family a grace of bearing, a refinement of attitude, and an aloofness from their kind which was a remnant of

the days of their ancestors. And there were some who said that Mistress Kezia had refilled the empty coffers of Windygarth.

Ten years before the beginning of this story it had been the home of two brothers, who lived their individual lives untrammelled by the ways of one another. Hugh farmed his own land and reaped his own corn when the desire for this world's goods came upon him, but the key to his character was a reputation for riding straight to hounds, and all that he cared for was fox hunting. When the winter morning broke balmy upon the hillside, and the sound of the horn wound over the moor, Hugh forgot his farm and everything else except the huntsman's thrill as he went away to follow the hounds. And Antony, his brother, dreamed through life still, though there were silver threads in his long hair, and lines about the sweet curve of his thoughtful lips. He spent his time with the sheep and in solitary rambles over the moorland, or among the few brown books that Windygarth possessed. He was regarded by the countryside as something between an innocent and a wizard, in whom there was a strange, if uncanny, charm which they could neither understand nor resist. His deep blue eyes were growing dim, but they could see the invisible.

There came a summer when Hugh Saxton left Windygarth for an indefinite period, and his absence proved to be the forerunner of an upheaval of startling import. He journeyed into Scotland on horseback, through the dales, and over the wild Border, and his purpose was to find foxes to replenish the

coverts about Windygarth. But when he returned he brought over the moorland a wife who rode pillion fashion behind him, while on her servant's horse rode the delicate, fragile figure of her little stepsister, dainty Lucy. Neither Antony the dreamer nor any of the inhabitants of Garth had been apprised of the coming of Mistress Kezia. She was a braw Border woman, with a stern manner and nothing of grace. Her chief charm had surely lain for Hugh Saxton in her capacity and common sense, for not many weeks had passed away before she worked a revolution of disturbance and change in the easy-going household of Windygarth.

And then came another sensation to the little moorland hamlet, thereby giving the inhabitants a pleasing sense that they lived in stirring times, and that something was always happening. This was no less than the reappearance of Gilbert Saxton, at once the scholar and the ne'er-do-well of the family. He came from the atmosphere of London and Oxford, bringing a distant breath of the world into the Yorkshire hamlet. He curled his handsome lip with a fine scorn at the visionary dreams of Antony. He made no effort to conceal his contempt for the rough tone and homely language of the farmer, whom he regarded as nothing but a yokel. He openly flouted the busy housewife, who met his disdain with a demeanor that outrivaled his own.

Gilbert's sojourn in the North Riding was a short one, but when he left it he stole over the heather when all the world was asleep. And he did not go

alone; his companion was Mistress Kezia's beautiful young sister, Lucy.

As the church clock in the hollow creaked out the hour of four upon this September day Mistress Kezia Saxton came to the open door of the hall, or living room, of Windygarth. She held her knitting in her hand, and the busy needles only paused for a moment while she shaded her eyes to look down the valley. Not even the golden glamour of afternoon on the heather could make this woman idle. Behind her, in the cool gloom of the wainscoted hall, where as yet no fire burned upon the wide hearth, a table was spread with the appetizing viands for which the North Riding was famous. There were cheesecakes of rich curd, and a raised pie of the mistress's own making. There were delicate turfcakes, baked between the moorland peats, and golden honey from a moorland hive. If a complacent smile were allowed to lurk about Kezia's grim lips it was when she glanced at this well-filled table. Did it not prove her right to the proud position of the best provider in a ten-mile radius around Garth? What higher boast could woman have? Far away on the winding road her long sight suddenly perceived a black and slowly crawling speck; it was the old-time market-cart in which her husband was returning from his weekly visit to Thirsk. Her pulses did not quicken as she watched it. It would have been difficult to imagine that Kezia Saxton had ever been young and swayed by feeling. As she stood in the sunlight she was joined at the door by Antony, a picturesque figure framed in the crimson Rambler.

His gray brown locks were tied in the fashion of the time by a rusty-black silk ribbon and the great silver buckles on his shoes were shining. The soul of Antony was fastidious, and he disdained a slovenly appearance. He held a book, pressed lovingly under his arm, and Kezia glanced at him with grudging commendation. She, too, abhorred untidiness, but she had scant respect for Antony.

The market-cart had left the highway, and was creeping up the steep lane that led to Windygarth. Kezia disappeared to bustle the kitchen wenches, but Antony waited for his brother, with his eyes on the deep glow of the heather above and the September wind ruffling his hair. The pauses between life's little events are never tedious to such a nature as Antony's.

Presently Hugh Saxton clambered out of the cart as it reached the garden gate, and threw the reins to old Martin Catermole, his factotum, who drove on to the cobbled courtyard behind. As he came quickly between the marigolds and evening primroses that bordered the path there was disquieting news written in Hugh's face. Even Antony wondered what had happened.

"Where's Kezia?" asked the farmer, as he reached the open door and looked into the hall.

"Where should she be, but looking after her house and her supper table? Your wife's no feckless body," said the person in question, coming out of the great farm kitchen.

"Sumat's happened," remarked Hugh Saxton, dropping into the vernacular.

His wife frowned. "So I should think, from Martin's doddering rigmarole out in the yard. Has Charles landed?" she added, somewhat eagerly, and with a softening brow.

Her sympathies were all across the Border, and she was truly a Jacobite at heart.

"Charles!" Her husband's accent was wholly one of contempt, for he was a stanch adherent of the House of Hanover. "Yon Pretender needna shaw his feeace aboot here. Baith you an' Parson Tratham think ye're brassen wi' sense, but it'd be a sorry daä for England. Noa, it's sumat near this tahme. Ah fund a letter at t' 'Crown.' It cum i' t' cooach fra Oxford te York, and t' carrier fetchted it te Thirsk. It's been there a matter o' five daäs. Ah's give it ye te read."

He fumbled in the pockets of his wided skirted coat, and produced a soiled and folded paper, which he handed to his wife. She opened it and studied it with a show of comprehension, but in spite of her domestic accomplishments, Kezia Saxton had never found it easy to read handwriting. Presently she passed the paper to her brother-in-law with a patronizing nod.

"Antony shall read it to us," she said, complacently.

"It is from—Lucy," said Antony, slowly—and nobody heeded the tremble in the dreamer's voice—"and she says—she says—"

"Get on, man," put in Kezia, irritably.

"She says that she has lost Gilbert—he has died of a fever from which she herself has suffered, and



she is alone in a lonely lodging at Oxford. She says that she cannot recover. All her strength has left her, and she has no desire for life. But—but—there is a child, and she implores us to send for it and bring it home to Windygarth. It is a girl, just one year old."

"A bairn—at Windygarth!" exclaimed Kezia in consternation. "The little huzzy to jealousy sic a thing. She has made her own bed, and she must lie on it."

Antony looked imploringly at his brother.

Hugh Saxton had seated himself at the table, and was rapidly making an impression upon the raised pie. The sun was going toward the west, and already the dusk was lurking in the corners of the hall. But its parting beams came through the open door and fell full upon the farmer's face, and upon the upright furrow in his brow, which meant a sudden strength of purpose.

"The bairn mun coom, Kezia," was all he said.

"Well, well," returned his wife, testily—but she knew when to forbear, for in that lay the secret of her power—"and at our time of life, too. Gramercy, Hugh, but I shall be fair deaved with a lassie's claverling."

"Reet's reet," said Hugh, firmly, but his tone was cheerful. "The bairn's home is Windygarth for sure." And perchance there was a smile under his shaggy eyebrows. Beneath his gruff, fox-hunting exterior Hugh Saxton had a heart in which there was room for a child.

"An' who'll fetch the bairn from Oxford I'd like

to know?" exclaimed Kezia, after a pause. "You canna go, Hugh, with the hunting beginning so soon, and I'll no take sic a freetsome journey for Lucy's whimsies."

"I will go," said Antony the dreamer quietly, while his brother looked at him in surprised relief, and Kezia tossed her head in amazement and scorn.

## CHAPTER II

When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possest.  
O Love, who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and  
your bier?—*Shelley.*

THE western sunlight of that same September evening was filling the upper windows of a modest house in an Oxford byway. It stood in a sequestered corner, not far from the famous High Street of that wonderful city where everything is picturesque, and within sight of the silver river and the tower of Magdalen College. Few people were abroad beneath it on this quiet autumn evening. Now and then a gownsman passed slowly, his eyes upon a well-worn book; or the voices of two undergraduates, raised in dispute, floated up to the open window. Perchance they were discussing a subject that was disturbing their kind, either into enthusiasm or contempt. And this was none other than the doings of a society called Methodists, formed by one Master John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College. But the lingering footsteps of these chance wayfarers died into distance, and only the chimes from many an old spire, or the rustle of birds in

the blood-red creepers, broke the silence that haunted the quiet, quaint street.

A woman lay on the wide couch within the upper window. She was young, and had once been <sup>a</sup>very fair to see, but the wearing away of her saddened life was written upon her face. Within the shelter of her arm slept a rosy baby with strong, straight limbs and brown curly hair; and opposite, on the low window sill, beside the campanula that bloomed there, sat a man in a Fellow's gown, with a tall, attenuated figure, and a long ascetic, scholar's face, wherein two deep eyes burned rather than gleamed. There was a tender tone in his voice as he spoke to his companion, and tenderness was not wont to linger there. His fingers touched a lute as he talked, for he had been playing to Lucy Saxton the latest air from the Easter anthem which it was his recreation to compose. But there was a silence between them as evening fell, for John Addington's heart was stirred as nothing had ever stirred it. He had been speaking to Lucy of hopes and aims such as were never heard in the North Riding village; but since she came to Oxford Lucy had learned a new shibboleth that bade fair to become something more to her eager heart and brain. Life had claimed much both from her and by her, and she had been grievously disappointed. It was of this that her frail body was dying, and the words of the highly cultured young scholar could not bring her back to life. She followed his gaze through the open window, and past the gorgeous masses of scarlet leaves which wreath Oxford in September. Are they not nature's

reminiscence of the blood splash of the martyrs who died there once for English freedom? Her eyes were resting upon the old square tower beside the river, when John Addington suddenly turned and looked at her again. He laid aside the lute and came to kneel beside the couch, with the sleeping child between himself and Lucy. She looked at him almost shrinkingly as he began to speak. "Oh, Lucy," he whispered, "I have told you all my thoughts—save one, and that the dearest. Have you found out that I love you more than them all, that I want you most? Won't you let me take care of you, my little tired child?"

Lucy put out her hand as if to ward his words away, and her lips quivered as she clasped her hands tightly together.

"Stay, John," she whispered; "I—you know I have done with this world, and you—you have vowed yourself to the service of another."

"Not if you want me," he murmured passionately.

She shook her head. "I have no love left now," she said, somewhat drearily; "it was all Gilbert's—and he—"

"Did not want it," growled John Addington, fiercely and perhaps cruelly, as he strode to the window.

Lucy winced, but she answered gently. Hers had been a faithfulness that took no account of return.

"No," she said; "but it was all his, nevertheless."

Her companion looked at her with wistful longing. So often the treasure we covet is the careless

possession of another. It was so in the eighteenth century.

"I only want peace now," said Lucy at length; "and I think, John, the Methodists have shown me the way to it."

"The Methodists!" exclaimed John Addington, in incredulous surprise. "What do you know of John Wesley and his Holy Club?"

"It is my little maid—she has told me, for she is one of them. And my heart was so sore with the longing for peace that I asked her if Master Wesley would come and talk to me. So she brought him last week, and he makes the way to heaven much plainer, John. He says it is all done for us through the blood of Jesus Christ, and that whosoever will may come—and I think I have come that way."

"Beware how you neglect the sacraments, Lucy," the embyro priest sounded through the lover's tone.

"Oh, I would not do that." Lucy's voice was distressed. "And Master Wesley loves the Church; he preached in Saint Mary's but a few weeks ago."

"I understand him not." John's accents were puzzled. "There are some that say his doings are but a mask for the true faith, and that he is not far from the bosom of our Holy Mother, the Church, but I like not the things that he says."

"They are truly comforting," sighed Lucy.

"The sacraments of your mother, the Church, will comfort your white soul, Lucy, and Our Lady will plead with her blessed Son for you, and if it be true what you say—which God forbid!—I will

say masses for your soul to the day of my death."

Lucy's eyes were wistful and unsatisfied. "I want to be sure, John," she whispered low. "And Master Wesley tells me I may go straight to our Lord Christ. He says that he can save to the uttermost, and that he will save me."

"We cannot be sure in this vale of tears," answered the young graduate, gloomily, and silence fell upon them again.

It was Lucy who broke it as dusk deepened in the room: "Have you quite made up your mind to become a Romanist?" she asked.

"I have no choice—indeed, I am one already. It is the only true faith—the only safe ark in these troublous times. And I feel that I have a great mission, though I know not what it is. It may be that when Charles Edward enters Edinburgh I shall be by his side."

The voice of ambition spoke more loudly than conviction in the young man's tone, and Lucy answered him sadly: "Have you no mission to save souls, John?"

"The Church will do that," was the answer.

"And would you have given up this high calling for my love?" asked the woman, with no curiosity in her voice.

"Yes, Lucy," was the simple answer, and this time it came from the heart.

"Then you have no real call—or else I am glad I have no love to give you," and Lucy's tired voice was triumphant.

He came over to the couch again and took her hands.

"Good-bye," he said, and he raised them to his lips, looking at her with eyes that had grown very sorrowful. Then, thrusting his hand into the bosom of his gown, he drew out an amethyst cross of antique and exquisite workmanship. As he held it in his hand, the deep violet stones glowed with all the intensity that lurks in old amethysts. He placed its chain reverently about Lucy's neck.

"Will you keep this and wear it for me?" he asked, hesitatingly, as if he feared to be refused. "And—some day—it may be a heritage for the child. You know that amethysts keep the soul—pure."

Lucy raised grateful eyes in which there was no refusal.

"It shall be for the child, and may she be kept pure," said the young mother, and her hand stole to the brow of the baby who still slept, unconscious of the sadness about her or of the changes that hung, like the sword of Damocles, just above her childish head.

The door closed softly behind the departing man, and Lucy fell back feebly upon her pillows, all her strength gone, with a prayer for the lover who had left her, and the child whom she was so soon to leave.

But as John Addington wandered through the cloisters of Magdalen, and under the lime avenue so like a Gothic nave, his burning ambition grew cold for the time being. Leaves were turning yellow against the old gray wall, and the fires of his heart



failed. For the first time in his nature, too, was born a longing for peace.

A fortnight later a weary horseman drew near to Oxford at eventide. His garments were splashed with mire of many highways. There was foam upon his horse's nostrils. He carried a clumsy pistol at his belt, for he had come through many dangers. But there was a light in his dreamy eyes, and he was not weary at heart. Before him rose, against a serene sky, the city of dreaming spires, a place of which he had read and dreamed but never seen. At any other time his heart would have overflowed in reverence for its learning, in longing for its store of wisdom in books, but tonight his heart outran his horse's footsteps, and the beauty of Oxford was but a setting for Lucy.

Dusk was falling as Antony Saxton rode slowly into the High Street, looking right and left at the old University buildings, and breathing an atmosphere so alien to the North Riding moorland. A keen wind that bore October in its train was blowing from the North, and the crimson leaves were fluttering to the ground and carpeting old worn steps. More than one undergraduate looked with amused curiosity at the figure of Antony as he sat clumsily in his saddle, his scanty locks tossed about by the breeze as they escaped from their confining ribbon. It was obvious that he came from the country, and that a far one. But Antony took no notice of the glances of gallants. He saw nothing in the wide street to give him a clue to Lucy's lodging, and nobody whom he cared to accost; so presently he

got down from his horse, and throwing the reins upon its tired neck, he leaned against the soft, warm side of his fellow traveler and awaited events. Above him rose the long, straight front of University College, and he caught a glimpse of its motto: "*Dominus illuminatio mea.*" Antony's eyes glowed with appreciation and desire. It had been the unconscious cry of all his lifetime, and a prayer, perchance, that was answered better than he knew.

As he stood looking at the building intently, an undergraduate, who carried all the assurance of an incipient title and nineteen summers, came down the college steps. He looked at Antony, and then approached him. "Are you wanting somebody, my good man?" he asked, loftily.

Antony produced the crumpled paper upon which he had written the address of Lucy's lodging, and began to make exhaustive inquiries concerning the way.

The youth shook his head with a puzzled laugh. Antony's speech had betrayed him, and the North Riding doric was unintelligible to an Oxford man.

At that moment a slight figure in a Fellow's gown came out of the gates of Saint Mary's Church, and crossed the road. Evensong was just over, and the Reverend John Wesley had been taking the service. In his mystic eyes there still lingered the light which its words had brought there after the long, quiet day of academic study and close thought. And it was good to feel the evening air of September about his brow. He was passing on his way toward the river, his mind upon an Arabic translation which

he had made earlier in the day, for it was Thursday, when Antony's voice struck upon his ear, and he turned instantly. There came back into his mind the parsonage at Epworth and the lanes of Lincolnshire. For the old Yorkshire dialect bore a likeness to that spoken in the home of his youth.

"Can I help you?" he asked, with the winning manner that was ever to prove irresistible to women or to those in distress.

'Antony turned eagerly to the small, slender man, so far beneath his dalesman's height, and the lordly undergraduate disappeared.

"Miss Saxton?—why, she is a friend of mine. I will show you her dwelling in one moment," and five minutes later Antony was mounting the low steps to the room where the only woman he had ever loved lay dying in the twilight by the window.

Only half of October's days were over when Antony set out again for the North Riding. The red creepers had hardly yet lost their color, but it seemed to him many years since he left it, for he had grown in his glimpse of the great world.

He carried with him something of Oxford's charm, the never-fading regret for a grave left alone under the shadow of age and learning, and the memory of words that he had heard from John Wesley's lips. And in his unaccustomed arms he bore a burden which was to call forth women's tears at every roadside inn—Lucy's little orphan daughter.

### CHAPTER III

The floating clouds their state shall lend,  
To her; for her the willows bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.—*Wordsworth.*

"Lucy, Lucy!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come to me in the dairy; I want your presence there."

"Yes, Aunt Kezia." The girlish voice held an unwilling sound, and she rose from her seat so impatiently that her thread broke, and she had to pause, with an inarticulate sound of dismay, to mend it.

It was morning of early June, nineteen years later than the year in which Antony Saxton traveled to Oxford. The breath of the moors mingled in the garden of Windygarth with masses of briar roses, pink-petaled as a maiden's cheek. Every field in the valley was clothed in the cloth of gold of buttercups, and the lane that led to the high road was lined with hemlock grace. Ever since her early morning duties were accomplished Lucy had plied her spinning wheel. The bees in the wood, the scent of roses, the breath of the moorland, had called to her in vain. Now and then she had glanced through the long, low window which was fast shut behind its

immaculate muslin, and passed a tired hand over her hot brow, where, in spite of her own efforts and Mistress Kezia's desire, the brown tendrils would cluster and shine. She longed to be out on the moorland that called to her, but her task was not accomplished. Even in those days the making of linen was a Yorkshire industry. But it was not fashioned in buildings of colossal ugliness to the hum of machinery and the accompaniment of smoke. It was spun and woven by gentle and simple in hillside homes and cottage kitchens, and it lay on the heather to bleach.

There was nobody to see the picture that Lucy made as she bent over her spinning wheel, and she was unconscious of it. She wore a gown of lavender cotton that had been many times washed, and her shoes and stockings were country-made. A little coquettish white apron was tied over her voluminous skirts, which could not hide the grace of her figure. She was supple as a willow wand, and straight as a young ash; but the charm of her bearing was its suggestion of purpose and strength. When she raised her head there was a fearless and straightforward look in her deep blue eyes, a firmness about her young lips, which proclaimed that Lucy was a woman of resource who was capable of rising to occasion. Perhaps she was born before her time. But there has always been a time for such women as Lucy bade fair to become. The air that blew about Windygarth had kept the roses of childhood in her cheeks. The little smile that provoked a dimple in them revealed a strong sense of humor and

a hidden wealth of tenderness. But as yet, among the reserved North Riding folk, only one was aware of this. And he was the dreamer who loved her first for her mother's sake, but who had long loved her for her own.

The parlor in which Lucy sat at work was a typical room. She herself preferred the cosy farm kitchen, with its fire of peats upon the wide hearth, or the old wainscoted hall, which was the family houseplace. But it was her aunt's rule that she should perform her task of spinning or needlework in this ancient parlor. It was not Mistress Kezia's fault that, in spite of its prim arrangement and cumbersome furniture, it persisted in boasting some beauty. The walls of this room were wainscoted, but the oak paneling had been painted white, as more becoming a parlor. Three samplers, upon which strange landscapes were wrought with perfect stitch, hung in prominent places. The third, and least elaborate, in which was here and there a broken stitch or a blunder, was Lucy's. In her aunt's eyes it was the sign manual of a degenerate age. The corner cupboards were stocked with china that was never used, and quaint silver cups and flagons of curious design. They would be treasures in the twentieth century. In the eighteenth they were merely the ordinary possessions that proved a household to be respectable, and were on the same footing as the well-filled linen-chest upstairs.

Lucy shut the parlor door with something like a bang as she went out in answer to her aunt's call. She dared not pause in the open doorway of the hall,

for her aunt's voice had been peremptory, and, in spite of her twenty years, she was still a child to Mistress Saxton. Beyond the wide kitchen where Molly Cattermole was kneading bread with all the might of her strong, red arms, Lucy passed out into a cobbled courtyard, from which a low doorway led into the dairy. There she found her aunt bending absorbed over multifarious jars and bottles, whose uses were well known to Lucy, and she stood at the door awaiting directions.

Time had laid a gentle hand upon Kezia Saxton. The passing of nineteen quiet years had left little record. Their only events of importance had been the landing and discomfiture of Charles Edward, the young Pretender, and the death of her fox-hunting husband. Now she reigned supreme at Windygarth, ostensibly as well as really, and its broad acres were farmed at her bidding. Mistress Kezia had never heard of woman's rights, but she was a firm believer in them.

Hers was a more buxom presence than in the days when Lucy came to Windygarth, but her black hair was only streaked with gray, and she carried her sixty years with dignity. In the closely laced bodice, and white kerchief, the dark skirt turned up over a quilted petticoat, which left her trim, white stockings visible, Mistress Kezia still appeared to be almost a young woman.

"Well, miss," she ejaculated, without raising her head, "you have taken your time in following me!"

"My thread broke, aunt, and I was obliged to

stay and mend it," replied Lucy, with outward deference and inward rebellion.

"You should rise from your seat like a young gentlewoman, and not like a colt. You are too old for such careless antics, Lucy. Take your bowl, and give your mind to the making of gooseberry fool."

Lucy tossed her head behind her aunt's back, and went reluctantly to the well-scoured shelf where the basins were kept. Her fingers were at Mistress Kezia's disposal, but her mind never. And her shapely lips curved in contempt as she glanced downward at her clumsy shoes. A young gentlewoman, indeed, with such footgear as she wore! It would be easy to sustain the character, she reflected, if she were dressed for the part, but not in her own little world.

Lucy's eyes glanced wistfully through the dairy window, across the distant valley, toward the invisible world. She felt the stirring of powers and possibilities in her nature. She was born to lead and cherish a following of lesser natures, and there was no scope for her capabilities, and nobody to lead.

"Get on with your work, Lucy," put in her aunt, presently; "night is the time for dreamers, not a midsummer noon."

"I was only thinking, Aunt Kezia," said Lucy, cheerfully.

In all the constant small rebellions of nineteen years, she had not learned to fear her severe relative. And in that lay the secret of the fact that she



gained much of her own way. There was silence for awhile in the cool and pleasant dairy, broken only by the farmyard sounds without, and the cracked old voice of Martin Cattermole singing an obsolete Jacobite song. It was nearly twelve o'clock, and in the distant kitchen Molly was rattling the dinner dishes before Lucy spoke, and then it was with hesitation.

"Aunt Kezia," she said, "may I go with Uncle Antony to Thirsk tomorrow? He says he is going to market."

"And for why?" asked Mistress Kezia, imperiously.

"Well—I have saved up a crown of my egg-money," said Lucy, "and I had promised myself a cherry ribbon for Sundays. Also—it is a very long time since I was at Thirsk, Aunt Kezia."

"Long? Eh, young lassies are gey foolish," exclaimed the mistress of Windygarth. "And which is the bigger bairn of the two, you or your uncle? I'll uphold you're growing a gadabout, Lucy, and that I winna have. God Almighty's given ye a guid home. Canna ye be content to stop in it?"

"I am generally at home, Aunt Kezia," said Lucy, ingenuously; "but I am sure Uncle Antony would like me to go with him."

"Aye," grunted Mistress Kezia, "I make no doubt he would. There's no fool like the old fool. And what chance have I with a bairn that's been spoilt from her cradle by two silly, feckless old men?"

Lucy wisely made no reply to this, save by the little smile that discovered her dimples. She had

heard it so often, and, in spite of her aunt's efforts to counteract it, she knew it was true.

"If I say you may go," continued Kezia, "you musna' think I'm getting verra near my dotage, and that presently ye'll have all your will. An' before sundown I want ye to gang over the moor to Goody Dawe's. She has a linen piece on her loom for me, and it is time I had it bleaching. You can tell her I shall send Martin for it within a week. And take the old soul a piece of that newly cut cheese; but mind, Lucy, no nonsense between ye about things that have no concern wi' living folk, though ye may take your supper with Goody if so be as ye've a mind."

"Thank you, Aunt Kezia," said Lucy, meekly, though with rising spirits. The prospect of a tramp over the heather was always welcome, and in Lucy's limited circle Goody Dawe was a person of interest.

It was half-past three when she left Windygarth, and already on the moorland the heat of the June day was dying. Lucy had dressed herself with unusual care, not for the edification of Goody Dawe, but because there was a sense of mild festivity in the air. Her lavender print was exchanged for a gown of flowered chintz, made in the quaint fashion of the time, with a short, flounced skirt, upon which rested billows of drapery. It was cut square, and about her bare, soft neck and rounded elbows fell dainty frills of well-starched muslin.

Her bright hair was piled high above her brow, and she wore a broad straw hat, tied behind and before with ribbons, and tilted over her dark blue

eyes. In spite of her country shoes, Lucy was trimly gowned. One thing she wore which escaped her aunt's eyes as she crossed the hall with her basket in her hand. This was an amethyst cross, which sparkled on her neck as it hung from its thin gold chain. Lucy was absolutely fearless upon the wide, lonely moor. It never occurred to her that she might be encountered and robbed of her treasure. And, indeed, she seldom met anyone whose appearance and history were not familiar to her. The amethyst cross was her dearest possession, but for some unfathomable reason it never failed to provoke censure from Kezia if she wore it at home.

Through the courtyard at the back of Windygarth she went, and down the steep, zigzag path across elastic turf which led to the lone shore of Greymire. There it lay—a silver mystery in the sunlight, hidden in the bosom of the moorland and the earth—a place of legend and mystic history akin to that ancient lake that held the sword Excalibur. On two sides the shadow of woods crept up to its rippling margin. On the third it was fringed with moss and rushes, and above the narrow turf path a stiff cliff rose precipitately to the moor. Lucy walked along this narrow path with the spring of the hills in her footsteps, and her eyes on the lake. It was a place where dreams always came to her, whether she saw it in the moonlight from her bedroom window in the gable, or as today, in the sunshine of June. Antony the dreamer had taught her its legends. She knew the story of the buried city whose shadow he had oftentime thought he saw

upon the surface. She had heard of a mysterious underground way which tradition said led from the base of the biggest oak tree to the old Carthusian priory, six miles away. She had looked with wonder and awe at the mark of a hoof upon a boulder at the edge of the cliff, for this, they said, was the devil's footstep.

But it seemed to Lucy, in her waking womanhood, that there were other secrets hidden in Grey-mire; secrets that belonged to her alone, and would some day whisper their message to her heart.

## CHAPTER IV

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen,  
A chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green,

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tombstones where flowers should  
be,  
And priests in black gowns were walking  
their rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys and  
desires.—*Blake.*

It was nearly five o'clock when Lucy came in sight of the cobbled walls and red roof of Goody Dawe's cottage. It stood alone upon the moorland, with a great stack of peat and a row of beehives beside it, and with no other building in sight save a tumble-down erection which had never been more than half-built, and which went by the name of Solomon's Folly. The country folk were afraid to pass this way after nightfall. Not only had Solomon's Folly the reputation of being haunted, but it was commonly reported that Goody Dawe was a witch—a reputation which perchance she fostered as the days of ducking stools were no more.

She was a little old woman, dressed in a quilted petticoat, and wearing a huge mop cap, while a spotless kerchief was always crossed upon her bosom. There was ever an intent, watchful expression in

her sharp features, for Goody was a student of human nature, and, in her own way, no mean psychologist. In her youth she had been a servant at Windygarth, and was regarded by the family as a friend. But even Mistress Kezia, who, though strong-minded, was secretly superstitious, sometimes looked askance at her. For in the low, raftered kitchen, where she worked at her loom, Goody had acknowledged that for long years she had conversed with beings who came and went through locked doors, and who were invisible to all others. This kind of story did not trouble Lucy in her visits to Goody Dawe. She had a healthy contempt for "boggles," as uncanny things are called in the North Riding, and she looked upon the old woman as a factor who was likely to bring some amusement into her eventless life.

As she came up to the open doorway of the cottage she saw its occupant standing in the rays of the sun, and looking toward the valley, after a man who went down the hill.

"Good day, Goody, who's yon?" she called out with girlish curiosity.

"Ah canna tell yo, Mistress Lucy," said Goody Dawe, dropping a curtsy, and looking admiringly at her visitor. "Eh, but ye're a seet for sair een. Coom yer waas in, ma bairn, an ah's get ye a dish o' supper, for ye'll lahkely be ungra. Yor auntie 'illa sent ye te tell ma te 'urry wi' t' linen-piece," and she laughed softly. "She need na be fratched aboot it, fur it's nearly dune."

"Yes, that's my errand, Goody," said Lucy,

laughing, as she threw herself on to the settle in the inglenook. "And right glad I shall be of some supper, for 'tis something of a walk from Windygarth, and those turf-cakes look good. But have you no notion who 'twas you were talking to?"

"Fie, Mistress Lucy, for a curious bairn." The old woman shook her head at her radiant guest, with the freedom of long acquaintance. "Ah misdoot ma it's soombody as is 'ere fur noa good. He's chose te set oop 'ousekeepin' in Solomon's Folly, and wants ma te gan ower i' t' mornins and put things te reets for 'im. 'E wears a curious kind of gownd, and his speech is very fine. Te ma way o' thinkin', he's nobbut a Popish priest. Ah deant lahke his looks, and what knaws but what 'e 'as Pretender at back of 'im? It's nane sa lang sin Newcastle was feared o' 'is arrival."

"For shame, Goody," cried Lucy, indignantly. "Don't you know we're all good Jacobites at Windygarth, only we daren't say so?"

"Well, I'm for King George, same as ah was for Guid Queen Anne," returned old Goody Dawe, with a snap of her firm lips. "And if he beant a Papist ah'd tak' my oath 'e's a Methodist. Ah've heerd tell they was coomin' te Thirsk and Osmotherley ageean, but we've niver 'ad 'em Garth way yet, nor do we want 'em. Ah'm fur Chutch and King, and none of yor newfangled notions."

"Trust you for knowing all the gossip, Goody," said Lucy, as she drew up her chair to the spotless table under the low window, and within sight of the sunset across the valley.

"Aunt Kezia says Mr. Wesley is a Papist, and she likens him to a clown at a fair. But Uncle Antony knew him once—at Oxford—though he was a grave and reverend scholar then. Aunt Kezia hates the thoughts of the Methodists. Dinna tell her they are coming."

"Ah tells noa taales, Mistress Lucy," said Goody, somewhat shortly. "Ah lives alone wi' ma own thoughts, and old Timothy there." She pointed, as she spoke, to her old black cat. "If soom foaks coom a-seekin' me, it isna ma fault."

"No," returned Lucy, cheerfully; and presently she prepared to depart before the shadows grew long over the moor. She looked round the low-raftered kitchen, where a tall clock and the handloom were the chief pieces of furniture, and where the peat fire upon the hearth was never allowed to go out. The black cat, fast asleep before it, and the great iron pot hanging from the reckin above, were the only signs that might be taken of things occult.

"Do you believe in boggles, Goody?" Lucy asked suddenly, for the first time in her life looking dubiously across the moor.

"That's as maybe, miss," was the oracular reply. "Your Uncle Antony does, for sure. He wonst 'ad one of his ain. An' soom o' us sees more than most even i' things as all is luikin' at. Did yo keen as Maister Roger Tratham's expected yam any daä?"

"No, I had not heard. Parson's been ill, and we've had no service at Garth for a month. Some humors in his legs prevented him walking up and down hill. Has Roger done with Oxford?" asked the girl idly,



wondering meanwhile what the old woman meant concerning her uncle.

"Aye, he's been made a Bachelor o' Arts, whatever that may mean, but they saä as 'e winna be a parson."

"I don't blame him. Good e'en to you, Goody, and hurry with the linen," said Lucy lightly, as she crossed the threshold and disappeared over the moor.

"A lovesome lassie," soliloquized the old woman. "But life will mak' her greet afoor sha's dune wi't. Sha kens nawt about it yet."

Lucy pursued her way for a mile or two undisturbed, until she reached a place in the moorland where the ground unexpectedly dipped up and down into little hollows filled with heather and fern. Down below she could see Greymire gleaming, and spread out before her was a vast expanse of forty miles reaching to the moors of distant Swaledale and the hills that hid the sea.

She was picking her way lightly from stone to stone, where the beck impeded her course, when suddenly a very unusual thing happened. A voice spoke to her from a cleft in the moor—a cultivated voice, with a scholarly accent which was very rare in the North Riding.

"Can you tell me the time, fair mistress?" it said.

Lucy turned instantly, and looked at the speaker with the direct glance which was peculiarly her own. She saw a man between forty and fifty years of age, with a tall, thin figure, and long, ascetic face. He possessed in the depths of his apparently cold,

gray eyes a fire that would carry him to any lengths for a cause, but in which the personal impulse was generally absent. He was dressed in a foreign fashion, that seemed to Lucy outlandish, and she answered him somewhat haughtily.

"It should be seven o'clock by the sun, sir," she said.

As she spoke a change came over the man's face, and it grew human, even tender. He looked at her with admiration, true, and with a mingling of respect and regret. It was as if some silver chime had waked a chord in his memory. And, indeed, many fleet winged years had passed since aught had brought to John Addington's mind the picture of the woman whom he had once loved all too well in his Oxford days.

Lucy was turning to go on her way when a beam of evening sunlight fell across the cross upon her neck and lit its mellow, violet gleam. The man saw it, and almost unconsciously put out his hand to stay her footsteps.

"You would detain me, sir? Kindly stand out of my way," exclaimed Lucy, with rising warmth, which did not detract from her dignity. There was no echo here of the meek Lucy he had loved.

John Addington doffed his hat and swept her a long bow.

"I crave your pardon, madam," he said, and then spoke with a passion and impulse that he had not known for years.

"It is the cross, child, upon your neck," he said.

"Memory is too strong for me. Am I not right in saying that your name is Lucy Saxton?"

"Ye-es," stammered Lucy, coming down from her pedestal. "But how do you know? You are a stranger in these parts."

"I am," assented John Addington, sadly. "I am a wayfarer everywhere, and my present home is Solomon's Folly. But I was young once, and I—I knew your mother, child. I gave her that amethyst cross which you wear. I never loved another—and she—she couldn't love me. She had given her love to Gilbert Saxton—and he was not worthy."

The hard gleam had come back to the man's eyes, and a crafty look stole into them. "'Tis long ago," he said, watching Lucy narrowly, "and my aims are otherwise now. I have never spoken of it—'twas the cross that surprised me. I am a sojourner in your country for a time. Can I trust you not to tell all the world what I have just told you? And will you suffer me to hold the cross in my hand for a moment once again?"

"I do not like secrets—I haven't any," said Lucy, gravely, while a frown ruffled her unfurrowed brow. But she disengaged the cross from her neck, and laid it in the man's hand.

He looked at it silently, while his lips moved, and then gave it back to her. "It was to be your heritage of purity, and it has fulfilled its charm," he said gently. "In days to come, if you are ever in trouble and will send that cross to me, I will help you if I possess the power."

Lucy's dark eyes grew startled. "What—what do you mean?" she cried.

"Nothing—except that these are troublous times for England. The House of Hanover reigns now, and many factions are abroad; but there is change in the air, and a maiden might need protection."

"You are—you are—what is your name?" asked Lucy, abruptly.

"You may call me Father Addington," was the answer.

"You are a Papist—and a priest." Lucy shrank away from him.

He bowed his head. "As are many upon these moorlands in secret," he said, looking at her, and impressing upon her truthful eyes the fact that he expected her to keep his secret. Then, with another sweep of his broad-brimmed hat, he turned and walked away.

Lucy watched him disappear with eyes from which for the moment the girlhood had fled. It was the first time that she had ever stepped into the pain and passion of someone else's forgotten past. It awoke something within her that had always been there, but wrapped in the garb of childhood. Nobody had ever talked to her of her parents. She had a dim suspicion that her mother had once offended Kezia Saxton beyond all possibility of atonement; but Kezia was wont to make much of small grievances, and it had never occurred to her to ask Antony. Indeed, her father and mother were but myths of her babyhood.

She drew a deep sigh as she went slowly home

to Windygarth. A crescent moon was rising in the East, and making the woods mysterious. The long, gray shadow that fell across Greymire had begun to reveal its secrets to Lucy. She shivered slightly, and then she smiled.

Down beside the rushes that fringed the lake an old man sat reading in the fading light, and she knew that Antony was waiting there for her. His sparse locks were growing very white, and they hung about his thin face, for he had discarded the ribbon that once held them.

But his heart was no older than in days of yore, for he was one of those whom God loves. The brown book in his hand was his beloved Malory. He had not yet grown tired of its pages, nor had they lost their magic. They wore a halo, as they must do for natures like Antony's, which is a grail in itself. Is it not true that the realism of yesterday becomes the idealism of today?

Lucy's voice rang down to the edge of the lake, and the old man went to meet her. She put her firm, white hand inside his wide sleeve, and laid her bright head against his old brown coat.

"I am tired, Uncle Antony," she said, "and you rest me."

"I want to, dearie," was his understanding response.

In a century of stiff demeanor and cold reserve a lonely life had taught him tenderness.

## CHAPTER V

A fugitive and gracious light, he seeks,  
Shy to illumine, and I seek it, too.  
This does not come with houses, or with gold,  
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;  
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—  
But the smooth-slipping weeks  
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;  
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,  
He wends unfollowed, he must house alone;  
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

HAYMAKING had begun in the wayside fields as Antony and Lucy jogged to Thirsk in the market-cart. Ox-eyed daisies were falling before the sickle, and Lucy looked at them regretfully. But the June morning was too fresh, and her mind too busy, for her thoughts to stay with them long.

She had tied a muslin fichu over her flowered gown, and Antony had donned his best coat of bottle-green cloth, adorned with gigantic buttons. The frills of his spotless linen shirt had been hemmed by Kezia and starched by Sukey Cattermole, while Lucy had brushed his three-cornered hat and placed it at the right angle on his long, white hair. Once well away from the village of Garth, Nancy, the pony, was allowed her own sweet will, and Antony was ready to listen to his niece's chatter.

But Lucy's tongue was not so easily loosed as usual this morning.

"Uncle Antony," she said, with some diffidence at length, for their talks were always begun by her, "can a man and woman love twice?"

The old dreamer, whose outward life had been one long disappointment, turned and looked at her with more sadness than surprise. Was the woman dawning in Lucy at last? And, if so, what would come next?

"Depends how they love the first time, child," he answered.

"It makes one afraid," said Lucy, with wistful eyes, looking across the country. She ever dropped her dignity when alone with Uncle Antony.

"Afraid—oh, no, my bairn, not afraid. You know what the old Book says: 'Perfect love casteth out fear'—fear of the future, fear of—loneliness, fear of—a long, long life."

He raised his old sweet face, and his blue eyes shone. He had proved the truth of his words.

"It makes me afraid of loving—and yet, I would like to be loved."

Her voice had sunk to a whisper.

"Aye, bairnie—we all want that. It's the greatest gift that life can bring to us—and the rarest."

The old man's voice was very tender.

"Did you want it once, Uncle Antony?" asked Lucy, in an awed voice, and with the tone of the very young, who fancy that all romance is dead to their elders.

"I have always wanted it—most," was the answer.

"And are you—lonely?" asked Lucy, softly.

The old man looked down at her very lovingly, and laid his withered hand upon her mittened fingers. "Not when my companion is Lucy—and it does not hurt now. But some day another will want Lucy, and then she must go."

"There are no lovers at Garth," frowned the girl. "I dinna want a country swain, and nobody else knows me."

"Love will find out the way," quoted Antony, but Lucy crept closer to his side.

"You won't lose me yet, I'm afraid," she said. "Why are you so good to me, Uncle Antony? Why don't you tell me to know my place, like Aunt Kezia, and not ask tiresome questions?"

Antony was silent for a moment, and then he spoke in a voice that Lucy had never heard before. "Twenty years ago," he said, "your mother gave you to me, Lucy, and I took you into my heart as a little bit of herself—because—because—oh, I loved your mother, Lucy, with a love of which I cannot speak."

There was nobody coming along the country road. Lucy flung her strong young arms around the frail old figure beside her, and her blue eyes were full of tears.

"And you have been lonely ever since, and I never knew it. Oh, Uncle Antony"—her words ended in a sob.

Within twenty-four hours two men had told her of their undying love for her mother, who had turned away from both hearts, so different, yet both true, and squandered her love in a worthless place.



The sweeping verdict of ignorance whispered to Lucy that so much sorrow was unnecessary, but her own heart trembled at the power of this invisible force that made marks on so many lives.

"Has nothing comforted you?" she asked at length.

"Oh, yes. Don't mourn for me, little one; I have you, and all this," pointing to the fair moorland morning. "And beyond, and above it all, God—where she is—and the reality of unseen things."

He was speaking more to himself than Lucy, and his eyes grew mystical, as if he saw beyond the visible there and then.

Lucy suddenly remembered Goody Dawe's words. "Uncle Antony," she said, in her direct way, "do you believe in boggles?"

Antony laughed his old sympathetic mellow laugh, that proclaimed a heart at leisure from itself, and the tension passed from Lucy's atmosphere.

"I like not the word, Lucy," he said, "but I believe in the spirits all around us that are invisible to many."

"Have you ever seen one?" asked Lucy, looking about her furtively, though it was broad daylight.

Antony whipped up the lazy pony before he answered.

"I have a dream guardian of my own," he said.

"Oh!"—Lucy drew a long breath—"what is it like?"

"She is a tall old woman with white hair and deep eyes, and she wears a long garment, in color like the woods on an autumn day. Seventy years I have

known her, and she has never altered one whit. She came to me in my childhood when I was lonely or in danger; she has stood between me and many a difficulty. I used to see her standing by the wayside when I was a little boy, just as I have seen her many a time since. But now—for some years I have not seen her at all”—his face clouded curiously—“and I think it is because I am growing nearer to the invisible world whence she comes.”

“Oh, no, Uncle Antony, don’t say that,” cried Lucy, only half convinced by the intensity of his words.

Her companion made no reply save to press her arm closer, and Nancy, scenting the nearness of a stable, pricked up her ears and broke into a trot until they reached the cobbled market place of Thirsk.

It was a busy and a crowded place to Lucy. With its rows of carts and country stalls, it was not unlike the same place today. But the quaint cries and queer figures belonged to an older century. Here and there rose the voice of a hawker, crying his wares of profane books that maligned the Methodists and the Jacobites. There was a strangely spelled notice at more than one inn door, proclaiming that any man might there become drunk for a penny, and be provided with straw to lie upon.

Now and then a sedan chair crossed the road, its bearers calling out for room to be made for their passing. Within was usually to be seen an ancient gentlewoman with high, powdered hair, surrounded by an erection more or less grotesque, or a gallant,

perchance, on a visit from York, splendid in curled wig and starched embroidery.

These curious vehicles were fast going out of fashion, but Lucy looked into them with something of envy. Did she wear the same dainty, high-heeled shoes, she was confident that she could step from her chair with the same grace.

Antony followed the direction of her eyes and smiled.

"I will buy you a fairing, child. What shall it be?" he asked.

"A pair of shoon like her ladyship's," was the quick answer.

"Very well," said Antony, complacently, and presently Lucy was the possessor of a little pair of buckled shoes such as she had coveted for long.

"Now, what shall we do?" she asked with rising spirits, as they left the shop under overhanging eaves, and made their way once more round the market square.

Suddenly Lucy stopped before an old building, upon which was fastened a large paper that arrested her. She laughed as she read it, but Antony's face grew stern. It set forth the attractions of a coming entertainment:

"A Comedy called

'THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS'

To which will be added a Farce,

'TRICK UPON TRICK; or, METHODISM  
DISPLAYED.' "

"You don't love the Methodists, do you, Uncle Antony?" asked Lucy, seeing his face.

"I love a fair hearing, and I like not such as that," answered the old Briton, with a frown which his face seldom wore.

It grew serene again when a chance acquaintance told him that the stage had given way, and seats for which people had paid even a shilling had sunk to the ground. Indeed, so great had been the scene of confusion, that the actors had taken to their heels and fled.

After much deliberation, in which Uncle Antony took his share, Lucy bought her lutestring cherry ribbon. They partook of a merry lunch in the parlor of the "Black Bull," and then, as the warm afternoon waned, they went in search of the market-cart.

Lucy looked regretfully round the cobbled square, and at the low, Old World shops. They represented the world to her, and she knew it would be long before she saw them again. Never in her life had she been beyond Thirsk, and in those days no stagecoach went farther north than York. She knew nothing of the London world of thought, where Dr. Johnson was beginning to be wise, where Handel was composing his music, where Defoe and Hogarth still lived, and where Pope was writing couplets concerning women very different from Lucy. She had heard of Sterne, the erratic genius of Coxwold Rectory, whose home was only just beyond her own, but new books never came to Windygarth.

Lucy's only chance of encountering a breath from

the great world was in the rumored coming of the Methodists, from whom she turned in disdain, that secretly sympathized with that of her aunt, or in the home-coming of Roger Tratham.

She stood in the courtyard of the inn beside her uncle, waiting while the pony was yoked, when under an archway rumbled a large private traveling carriage, piled with luggage, and with postillions upon the horses. It was a sight such as this that fired Lucy's blood with a desire for the world. She was watching it idly, herself unobserved, when the door opened, and a young man springing out, turned to assist a lady.

She was gray-haired and elderly, and wrapped in a voluminous cloak, in spite of the heat of June, and Lucy vouchsafed her scant attention, for the man who attended her was none other than the son of the vicar of Garth. He and Lucy had been friends once, in the days before he went away to Westminster School, and from thence to Oxford. During the interim they had never met, but she knew him in a moment. His dark, gypsy face had changed little, and he wore his own long, raven hair. His clear skin and tall figure lost nothing from their setting of a claret-colored coat and fine lace ruffles at neck and wrists. He had tucked his laced hat under one arm, and bowed low over the lady's hand. It was truly the Roger of old days, yet for some unaccountable reason Lucy's heart sank as she watched him.

The identity of the lady was not far to seek. Her likeness to the Reverend Jasper Tratham proclaimed

her to be his sister, Lady Wilbraham, a dame whose name was well known in the fashionable circles of London and Bath.

The old market-cart was ready, and Lucy turned to it with a sigh. Somehow the light had gone from the June day, and she knew that she was tired. She did not raise her head as they drove out of the town, but sat looking at the precious parcels on her knee. But as they came to the parting of the ways, another sensation happened. A cloud of dust proclaimed the coming of two horsemen, and Nancy drew up of her own accord to let them pass. The foremost of the two was a little man, with a broad, benevolent brow, and wearing clerical bands.

He went on his way with a determined air, as if his destination were of paramount importance, yet Lucy's eyes were drawn to him.

Antony touched her shoulder. "'Tis Mr. Wesley," he whispered.

Lucy started, and then she frowned, and turned to look back at the founder of Methodism. But he had already reached the turning of the road and disappeared. She could only see behind her the cumbrous traveling carriage that was approaching rapidly.

Alone once again in her own room at Windygarth, a breath of evening air about her, and the stillness of Greymire without, Lucy wondered why something had drawn a line about the last twenty-four hours, and marked them out from all her life.

## CHAPTER VI

They seemed to those who saw them meet,  
The casual friends of every day;  
Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,  
His courtesy was free and gay.

—*Lord Houghton.*

Two or three days later Lucy sat at work in the deep-browed porch between the garden and the hall. It was not yet two o'clock, and the sun was high, but it was the middle of the afternoon at Windygarth. Down on the borders at Greymire, where woods and water met, the air was cool and shaded, but it would have seemed to Mistress Kezia a preposterous thing to do needlework in the open air.

She sat behind Lucy in the hall now, the dark lines of the old latticed bookcase behind her throwing her strong face into bold relief among the lights and shadows that played about the polished floor and fell across her high, peaked cap. She wondered why Lucy cared to sit in the porch, and her expression was disapproving as she saw the stray petals of the crimson rambler fall upon her niece's hair.

The long seam which she held in her hand was occupation enough both for thought and hand in Mistress Kezia's eyes. Her attitude had never changed since she had adopted it at her mother's knee. She was a great stickler for constancy to things and thoughts inherited. It was the faithfulness of a nature that had never moved—that had

never been tempted to plumb the depths of a change in itself that may bring agony in its train.

Lucy sighed surreptitiously as she sat sewing under the rambler, and pricked her finger as she drew her needle somewhat savagely in and out of the fine white linen. Then her gaze went to the high road below, and was at once arrested. Her work fell to her lap, and she sat watching the progress of two riders cantering gently along the Thirsk road. And her ears grew deaf to the drone of her aunt's voice as she descanted at endless length upon the misdoings of Molly and Sukey Cattermole. Presently the riders reached the lane to Windygarth, and, to Lucy's surprise, they turned into it. One of them she had recognized at once, and now she saw that the slender figure beside him belonged to no dainty maiden, but to his aunt, who had surely discovered the secret of growing old gracefully.

"I hear horses," said Mistress Kezia, suddenly. "Who is coming up the lane?"

"'Tis Roger—and Lady Wilbraham," announced Lucy, blushing, she knew not why.

"It would better become you to say Master Tratham, child," replied her aunt severely. "'Tis long since you and he were playmates." She rose from her seat as she spoke, and went to the kitchen door. "Molly—Sukey," she called. "Where are those lazy loons?"

Then, as Molly's heavy footstep was heard: "Go, tell Martin Cattermole to attend visitors in the paddock, and tell him to hasten to take a lady's horse."



She was back again in the porch before Roger had dismounted, and presently he was leading his aunt up the path where pansies and monthly roses made a bright border.

"Good day, Mistress Saxton," he said, bowing low. "I have brought my aunt to visit you. She is, like yourself, from over the Border, and breaks her journey on her way to Edinburgh. She has done me the honor to accept of my escort from London. And can this be my old friend, Mistress Lucy?" He turned to her with a smile which found an echo in her own eyes as the older women were occupied with each other.

She gave him her hand with a gesture more proud than shy, and he held it respectfully. More than once on his journey north he had thought of Lucy Saxton. She had loomed before him as one of the pleasures of his own home, and, perchance, not a less prominent one than the hunting and riding which he had promised himself. Hitherto he had been heart-whole, in spite of, or, perhaps, on account of, much flattery; but, as he looked into Lucy's deep blue eyes, and watched the rose-leaf and the dimple come and go in her cheek, his heart, all unknown to him, passed out of his own keeping. And Lucy, looking into his dark, gypsy face, and noting the stalwart grace of his figure in its dark blue riding dress, fastened with steel buttons, saw something that, although she did not recognize it, answered a need of her own waking nature.

It was only a moment before they were seated again in the hall, with Roger leaning against the

oaken doorway, while Molly laid homemade cake and wine upon the round, polished table.

"Is your leddyship making a long stay?" asked Kezia, whose heart was warmed by a visitor from over the Border, and who had always been lenient to Roger Tratham.

"Lord, no!" exclaimed Lady Wilbraham; "I kenned that my brother lived in a quiet spot, but I didna expect it to be such a dull place. I leave for Edinburgh at daylight tomorrow."

"Would that I were going with you," exclaimed Kezia, with more enthusiasm than Lucy had ever heard her speak. "But I misdoot me Prince Charles 'll never enter yon city the noo," and she shook her head.

Lady Wilbraham's voice sank low. "Think ye not?" she asked. "The king over the water has many a friend—and some of them are hidden in your own North Riding."

Roger laughed as he stood in the doorway, looking at Lucy more than he knew. "You Jacobites 'll never come to your own again unless you get the Methodists to help you," he said, breaking off a cluster of crimson rambler and fastening it to his coat.

"The Methodists!" exclaimed Kezia, indignantly. "An' what mean ye, sir, if I may ask?"

Roger shrugged his shoulders, and looked away over the moor. He had been glad to leave the world of Oxford for many reasons. His was a simple and ingenuous nature, but he possessed a powerful brain. And the upright furrow of thought in his brow was

the outward mark of many an inward conflict that meant the clash of creeds and the struggle of doubt. Was he to find the unrest of his own world reproduced here in miniature?

Lucy divined that something serious was passing in his mind, and their eyes met before he answered her aunt.

"I hardly know, madam," he said lightly; "but 'tis difficult to distinguish which is what in these days. And I hear from Goody Dawe that there is a mysterious stranger who has taken up his residence at Solomon's Folly, and who is half Papist, or half Methodist, or both. His object in coming to this country is unknown, and, therefore, suspicious. He has been seen talking to one from Osmotherley who is thought to be a priest, and who is also said to be a friend of Wesley. Some gossip of Goody's has told her that this Addington is in treaty for the rental of Saint Ruth's, and would fain establish a monastic rule there."

"'Tis but the talk of the countryside," said Mistress Kezia, severely, though her eyes sparkled. She dearly loved gossip, though it went sadly against the grain with her to hear folk say that Popery and Jacobitism were identical.

"More than likely," said Roger, cheerfully, and his eyes met Lucy's again. They both smiled with that esoteric amusement at their elders' outlook, which is peculiar to the youth of all time.

"Still," continued Mistress Kezia solemnly, "something is bound to happen soon, for the ghost has been seen at Saint Ruth's again."

"'Twas only Sukey Cattermole said so," put in Lucy.

"Keep your place, bairn," remarked her aunt with asperity; "what do you know of sic a matter? Misfortune followed Saint Ruth's boggle before you were born."

Lucy looked down demurely, and fingered the pansies in her gown; but there was a danger signal in her eyes.

It was Lady Wilbraham who hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters. "I protest," she said, looking across to Lucy, "that Mistress Lucy would break hearts at Bath. What do you say to lending her to me for a season, Mistress Saxton? When I have paid my annual visit to Edinburgh, and stayed awhile on the Border, it is my intention to settle at York for the winter. I should be monstrous glad to have her, and 'tis but a distance of thirty miles. An escort could easily be arranged."

Lucy raised eyes for a moment that blazed with light, and her dimples came and went rapidly as she arose and curtsied to Lady Wilbraham, looking anxiously at her aunt.

But Mistress Kezia was not to be drawn. "Lucy must learn to be a more contented bairn at home, though I thank your leddyship," was all she said, and the girl's face fell.

"I have not seen Master Antony since my return, said Roger at this juncture, as if to hide Lucy's discomfiture. "I hope he is at Windygarth still hale and hearty."

"Where else should he be, puir, feckless body,"

replied Kezia. "He's away in Bilsdale the day after some sheep. He's naught but a bairn is Antony, but he's a rare hand at sheep. Seems like as if they understand one another."

"He always did understand things that nobody else did," said Roger, and his voice was affectionate.

Mistress Kezia grunted as she pressed the cake upon Lady Wilbraham, and Lucy looked up with quick pleasure. Perhaps it was because the popular verdict seemed to her the true one that she was surprised to find Roger appreciate Uncle Antony.

It is two thousand years since One said upon the Judean hills that a prophet is without honor in his own country. It was a gospel message. It was also a great psychological truth.

"Well, Roger!" Lady Wilbraham rose from her seat, and gathered up her long skirt and her riding whip. "By my faith, it is four o' the clock! May we have our horses, madam? I cry your pardon for this long visit. 'Tis not often I meet someone from over the Border."

"'Tis vera condescending of your leddyship to say so," rejoined Kezia, with a pleasure that for some reason irritated Lucy.

There was a stampede of horses, and with much bustle of importance Martin Cattermole brought them round. Lady Wilbraham sprang to her saddle like a girl, and Roger followed. He turned round to Lucy for a last word.

"I have forgotten to tell you one thing for which we came," he said. "There is to be evensong in the church tomorrow; Parson's Joe is going round the

village with the news. My father finds himself equal to one service, and I am to read the lessons." He made a grimace as he spoke, and Lucy dropped him a mock curtsy.

"I shall certainly be there," she said, closing the gate as she watched the riders picking their way down the steep lane.

And Roger carried away in his heart a picture of her framed in roses, and with the afternoon sunlight in her hair. He would have deemed it impossible in his young assurance that such a picture could ever stab him with pain.

Full of the afternoon's events, Lucy gained permission from her aunt to meet Antony upon his return journey. She knew that both Nancy and her rider would be glad to walk the last mile. It was a perfect evening of July weather. The longest day was over, but as yet there was no shortening of light. Every barley field was donning its garb of gold, and royal sheen was coming on the heather. Already clumps of early heath in the clefts of the cliff glowed with vivid violet for a mile or more. The color of the evening seemed to glow deep in Lucy's heart.

As she clambered up the rugged path from Grey-mire, she was surprised to see a horse against the sky. It was grazing quietly, and apparently alone, but as Lucy stepped over the edge of the moor she saw a man sitting by the wayside whose appearance was in some way familiar. He had a paper in his hand and an open book beside him, from which he appeared to be copying. He was somewhere about

the age of fifty, and was dressed in a suit of sombre black, with white clerical bands. He raised his head as Lucy appeared, and she instantly recognized him. The little man sitting writing by the wayside was John Wesley. Lucy would have passed him with her head in the air, but he took off his hat and accosted her.

"Your pardon, mistress," he said, a smile curving his firm lips, "but can you direct me to the rectory at Garth?"

"'Tis straight along the crest of the moor as the crow flies." Lucy vouchsafed him no further information, and turned away as she saw Nancy jogging toward her in the distance.

"I thank you, mistress," and the man by the wayside gathered his papers together and called to his horse, while Lucy went on her way, though she could not resist the temptation of looking round more than once.

## CHAPTER VII

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven; and we  
Light half believers of our casual creeds,  
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,  
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,  
Whose vague resolves never had been fulfilled.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

THAT was an eventful evening in the neighborhood, although nobody recognized its significance until long afterward. The little family at the rectory was gathered together in its old-fashioned parlor, as dusk fell, with an unusual appearance of festivity. Generally, it was a deserted place, for the rector never left his study, but tonight he had been persuaded to join his son and their guest. He was a tall old man, bowed with a scholar's stoop, and never seen without his silver-rimmed spectacles. He was a comparative stranger to the people of Garth, though he had lived in their midst for thirty years. When well advanced in middle life he had married his ward because he knew not what else to do with her, and had been glad to find in Garth a place where he might live the life of a recluse among his books. As he sat now among the oval mirrors and Chippendale chairs of his eighteenth century parlor, his white wig falling in lovelocks about his face, he drummed with taper fingers upon the little round stand beside him, where a musty volume lay at his elbow. He was a bookworm first, and everything else after-



ward, and he longed to be back in his study where he had been engaged for many years upon a never-ending commentary upon Homer.

He and Roger had little to say to each other, save upon the subject of Oxford and the progress of learning. And even here a new generation was passing him by. Roger sat in the low window seat, and looked out through many panes upon the darkening distance of the moor. His thoughts were strangely busy with the events of the afternoon, and Lucy's face flitted before him, now coy, now friendly, but ever wondrously alluring. Mingling with his musing came the sound of Lady Wilbraham's high-pitched voice and the thin, sweet tone of the old spinet at which she was seated. She was singing that charming seventeenth century ballad to a melody all her own, and Roger looked grave in the gloaming as he realized its truth for the first time:

You may esteem him  
A child for his might,  
Or you may deem him  
A coward for his flight;  
But if she whom love doth honour  
Be concealed from the day—  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Was it indeed love that had come to him suddenly hidden amid the North Riding hills, in the person of a little country girl, guarded by a dragonlike aunt? He knew that it was. Yet a shadow crossed his brow. Was there in love, however tender and

precious, an answer to the cry of his heart for a satisfying faith? He did not know.

He lifted his eyes and looked across the moorland. A solitary rider was approaching the rectory—a little man who, even in the fading light, was reading a book that lay across his saddlebags. Presently Roger heard the sound of the horse's hoofs as he came into the rectory paddock, and went out to welcome the stranger.

Lady Wilbraham had finished her song, when her nephew returned, ushering in a guest. She rose, in some astonishment, to welcome John Wesley, while the famous little man, looking somewhat askance at her fine and fashionable figure, only bowed low, and passed on to greet his host. They had known each other in Oxford days, when Wesley was an undergraduate with High Church tendencies, and Jasper Tratham an unpopular tutor. But he had been lenient with a lad who was such an omnivorous reader, and he greeted him now with a spark of that enthusiasm which he usually kept for books. There was only the vaguest knowledge in his mind of the doings of the Methodists.

"You are right welcome here, Mr. John Wesley," he said, "you were on your way to the inn? Tut, tut, sir, there is no inn at Garth. You would perforce have to retrace your steps to Osmotherley, or proceed five miles further to Thirsk. Roger, direct that a chamber be prepared for Mr. Wesley. And—wait one moment. Have you supped?"

Mr. Wesley bowed. He was the most sparing of eaters. "I have taken all I need, I thank you. 'Tis

good to see you, sir, in your own delightful rectory, with your fine son—and,” with another bow, “your lady.”

“Tis my sister, sir,” returned the old rector, “Lady Wilbraham, who leaves us at dawn tomorrow for Edinburgh.”

“Indeed,” the guest spoke regretfully to one who traveled upon the Sabbath day, but he was obviously relieved. His favorite adornment for women was that of a meek and quiet spirit.

“I trust that my departure will not disturb you, Mr. Wesley,” Lady Wilbraham was saying when Roger returned.

“Far from it, madam,” was the little man’s reply. “Leisure and I have taken leave of one another, and it is ever my custom to rise at four.” He looked at Roger as if he would recommend the practice.

“And what great work are you engaged upon, Mr. Wesley,” put in the rector again. “If I remember aright, your gifted father was a student of Job. Now, my time is mostly spent in a commentary upon Homer. I know not when it will be printed.” And he sighed.

“A poet of pagan prejudices,” said John Wesley, somewhat severely. And then a tender light came into his eyes, and his broad brow grew benevolent. “My business is to save souls,” he said. “And the world is my parish. I would rather visit the sick than study old grammarians, though I have read Greek for many miles this day. I am a Methodist, as you probably know, sir.”

The Reverend Jasper Tratham shook his head. “I

live apart from the world," he said slowly. "And you were a youth of so much promise. I had hoped you would become a bishop. You are, as I see, in orders."

John Wesley looked round the old room, and out upon the quiet moors. "I, too, could have loved a retired life among my books, but I must be about my Father's business," he said.

"I do not quite follow you," answered Jasper Tratham. "Have you ridden far today?"

"From Easingwold, stopping to visit the societies at Northallerton and Osmotherley. My habit is somewhat splashed owing to an encounter with a mob upon the York road." He looked down apologetically at his attire. "But thanks to the kind intervention of passing friends I was taken into their coach, where a large gentlewoman volunteered to sit upon my lap and screen me from the crowd, which she did very successfully, and for which I thank the Lord, whose angels have me ever in their keeping." He did not smile, but an irrepressible twinkle danced in Roger's eyes as the scene made a picture in his mind.

"Tis truly dangerous, I have heard, upon the highways," said the rector, while Lady Wilbraham held up her hands in horror.

The days of Jack Sheppard were not far distant, and every cavalcade in the North was suspected of containing emissaries of the Pretender.

"Have you much Popery hereabouts?" was John Wesley's next question. "Many of the jails I pass on my journeys are filled with Popish priests and

squires. Not a week ago I came through a parish where every Sunday morn the rector bows to the altar three times, and curses King George."

"He should have a care of his head," cried Lady Wilbraham.

"I am but just returned from Oxford," said Roger, to whom the question had been addressed. "But there are undoubtedly Jacobite leanings in the North Riding, and the conduct of a stranger in these parts has aroused some suspicion."

"Ah, indeed." But there was no frown upon Wesley's brow. In his secret heart, and in spite of all his evangelical Protestantism, he had Jacobite leanings himself; and it was a well-known tradition in the rectory at Epworth that his mother had refused to acknowledge King William.

The rector of Garth had been silent for some time, but now he spoke. "May I prevail on you, Mr. Wesley, to occupy my pulpit at evensong tomorrow?" he asked. "The humors in my legs make it a difficult matter for me to get up and down hill. There has been no service for a month, but I have sent my servant round the village to proclaim the fact that it will be resumed tomorrow. You would honor my church, and perform an act of charity if you would take my place."

Mr. Wesley nodded his head several times as his host spoke, and the fire kindled in his eyes. "I had prayed for this opportunity, sir," he said. "'Twill indeed be a privilege to minister at Garth."

Roger went softly out of the room again to tell Parson's Joe that he must be up betimes on the mor-

row, in order to tell the countryside the news, while he secretly rejoiced that he might escape the reading of the lessons. But as he returned to the now lamp-lit parlor, he looked very closely at his guest. With a heart that leaped within him, he suddenly saw written with certitude upon the serene brow of the wayfaring preacher that peace of soul for which he sought in vain, knowing not where to look.

\* \* \* \* \*

That same evening, not many miles away, dusk fell upon a very different scene. Nestling at the foot of the woods that crept up to the moorlands, and almost hidden among the trees, lay the ruins of the ancient Carthusian priory of Saint Ruth's. No longer did the solemn chant of monks' voices float out into the midnight air. The tower was roofless. Ivy and harebells grew in the choir. A soft carpet of grass spread what had once been the clerestory. But there were still cells left standing where once dwelt solitary monks in the white garb of the Carthusians. And a large picturesque house with long gray front, and mullioned windows was still inhabitable. It had once formed part of the monastic buildings and held the refectory. At the time of the Pilgrimage of Grace it fell a prey to despoilers, and afterward became the home of Cavaliers. For many years now it had stood empty and deserted, the home of bats, and owls, and foxes, shunned on account of its reputation as the scene of an apparition. This was none other than the ghost of one Brother Ambrose, who had been betrayed and mur-

dered by a brother monk in the Lady Chapel, whose ruins were hidden in the steep woods above.

Scared villagers and chance wayfarers maintained that on nights of shifting moonlight they had seen his ghost. It glided from the Lady Chapel, along the winding path between banks of fern and the trunks of giant trees. It held on its way past the ruined tower, and under the archway that led to the world. Finally it disappeared within the deep doorway of the old building, only to reappear for a moment with uplifted hands, at the mullioned window of the refectory. And upon its bosom was a great red stain. This old story was very present in the mind of John Addington, as it had reason to be when he stood among the ruins at a late hour of a July night. There was no fear of the supernatural in his heart as he looked curiously about him. He even climbed through the intense darkness of the undergrowth up to the Lady Chapel, and peered into its corners, and behind its broken walls.

"'Tis the very place," he said, almost audibly to himself. "One could gather together a multitude for the cause here. And yet 'tis an easy matter to keep the crowd away." He shook with silent and sinister laughter in the darkness as he went back to Solomon's Folly.

Life had indeed proved, since the days when John Addington loved Lucy's mother, that his was a nature which would stop at nothing.

Two nights later Martin Cattermole had been to Osmotherley to visit his son, and convivial company had tempted him to stay until an hour which would

arouse Mistress Kezia's wrath. So in spite of a faltering heart, and many glances over either shoulder, as he went, he resolved to take a short cut across the ruins of Saint Ruth.

But as he traversed the open space before the window of the refectory, a weird figure sprang up within it, and stood there motionless. It had a cadaverous face and lantern jaws. Upon its bosom the stain was visible.

With a wild shriek, Martin Cattermole took to his heels, tearing over the moorland, and past Greymire's gleaming banks. Nor did he pause for rest or breath until he saw the cheery lights of Windygarth.



## CHAPTER VIII

Religion should extinguish strife,  
And make a calm of human life;  
But friends that chance to differ,  
On points that God has left at large,  
How fiercely will they meet a charge!  
No combatants are stiffer.—*Cowper.*

THAT was a very long Sabbath in the moorland village, but at length dawned the hour for evensong. It was a wonderfully perfect evening of July. Far and wide across the moorland not a sound was heard in the country stillness. No breath of wind stirred the heather or barley. Only a few far fleeting clouds came distantly over the blue. As the hour for service drew near it became very evident that a crowd was coming such as had never before been seen in the church of Garth. Little groups of people, who had long loved John Wesley and were familiar with his words, came over the moors from Osmotherley. Quite a crowd of Methodists was seen climbing the steep road from Thirsk. And many a man and woman and child who had not been in the dark old church for years came early and took their places in the high, moth-eaten pews. It was only the rector, poring contentedly over the pages of Homer, who knew not what was happening.

Long before the cracked bell in the square tower began to ring the little church was full. Lucy heard

its familiar and unmusical sound and hurried her careful toilet.

Indeed it was difficult for the parson's ancient serving man, who acted also as verger, to ring it at all, for the ivy was growing across the interior of the tower, and there were birds' nests in the belfry. The dim light that obtained everywhere was due, not to a wealth of old stained glass, but to the greenery across the windows. Even the square pew near the pulpit, which went with the ownership of Windygarth, was lined with moth-eaten cushions, though Mistress Kezia frequently sent Sukey Cat-termole to sweep and garnish it on the eve of the Sabbath. It went sorely against the grain to the mistress of Windygarth when she heard that John Wesley was to preach. But she allowed nothing to keep her from service at the parish church, when it was held, so at the appointed time she set forth, followed by her niece, and further attended by Molly and Sukey at a respectful distance.

Even Mr. Wesley could hardly have deprecated Mistress Kezia's attire. She had but looped up her black lutestring gown, and tied a large bonnet over her cap. She walked with set lips and firm tread which inspired much awe as she passed the cottages. More than one village wife was waiting patiently to see what Mistress Kezia would do, that she might follow her lead. Even in this democratic day she would have passed for a leader, and she was a queen in her own community. There was an unusual flutter in Lucy's heart as she followed her aunt to church. It had caused her to tie a long blue ribbon

in her brown hair, and to don her freshest muslin gown. But it had nothing to do with the coming of the Methodists to Garth.

When the party from Windygarth reached the lich gate, a strange and unparalleled scene met their eyes. Not only was the church filled to overflowing, but the churchyard was also full of people. There was not an inch of available space in the long grass between the flat tombs and crooked gravestones.

Mistress Kezia Saxton would have taken her way through the crowd, expecting it to open and receive her with the deference to which she was accustomed, had not Antony appeared from somewhere, and whispered a word to her. A company of Methodists from Thirsk, he said, were unwittingly occupying the Windygarth pew.

Fury rendered Mistress Kezia speechless. Never before had she been subjected to such treatment. Were she and Lucy to stand upon the churchyard path with all the clowns of the countryside, she demanded of Antony.

The humor of the situation was beginning to strike Lucy when Mr. Wesley was seen coming down the hill in his clean, white surplice, and closely followed by Roger. He held a little Testament in his hand, and the serenity of his face was in no wise disturbed. The scene in the churchyard was no novelty to him. And presently it was whispered from mouth to mouth that the service was to be held in the open air. The famous preacher would stand up on a mound in their midst, and deliver his message under the sky.

At first Mistress Kezia was for turning home again, but Roger came across the churchyard to her aid, and piloted her and Lucy to a broad seat upon a broken portion of the wall. He was unusually resplendent in a silken coat and the finest of ruffles, and Lucy looked at him through her eye-lashes with appreciation, while she refused the offer of his large silk handkerchief as a covering for her rough seat. A strangely sweet content crept over her as he remained by her side. Lucy never forgot that evening, though it was the beginning of much that afterward meant pain. All about the little churchyard the moors made a violet mystery. It was a day when every red-tiled cartshed would seem to have been built by a hand of grace. Over each burnished stack a golden summer halo rested. And as the wonderful words of the preacher went on, they appeared to mingle with a still sheet of pure gold in the western sky and the single stars that came out overhead.

He gave out his text with eyes uplifted to the hills, and inspiration shining in them. It was a very short one, but as the cadences of Mr. Wesley's voice fell upon Roger's ear he started. Perhaps no other word could have come home to him so well. "Without God in the world."

Roger did not know how yearning and wistful was his attitude to such a subject. For a long time now he had felt that a great cloud lay between him and a Father of love. He did not know that his very perception of a cloud was a sign manual of his need of a Saviour.

"The man without God in the world," rang out the magnetic voice, "what a thick veil is between him and the invisible, which with regard to him, is as if it had no being! He has not the least sight of God, the intellectual Sun, nor the least attraction toward him. But the moment the Spirit of the Almighty God strikes the heart of him it breaks the hardness and creates all things new. The Sun of Righteousness appears and shines upon his soul, showing him the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. His light shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Roger drew a long breath. Was it not for this invisible, intellectual Sun of Righteousness that he was yearning.

"My dear friends," said the little man, his voice growing grand and glorious, "you do not see God. You have no fellowship with the Father. You never heard the voice that raiseth the dead. You have no spiritual senses. Oh, cry to God that he may rend the veil which is upon your hearts. May you this day hear his voice who speaketh as never man spake, saying, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' Is it not his voice that crieth aloud, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved'?"

Roger Tratham hardly heard the conclusion of the sermon. He was examining his own attitude. Perchance he had heard words as forceful before, but these came with the strength of the speaker's conviction, and thrilled with experience. Roger had no desire to cry aloud, to throw himself prostrate in

the long grass, with wailing sobs, as many around him were doing.

He had not grasped much of Mr. Wesley's doctrine. No rush of peace flooded his inward being. He did not lift up his heart or his voice in involuntary prayer as did many of his neighbors who had never done so before. But in the depth of an intense nature a resolution was born, never to turn away from the struggle of search for the Sun of Righteousness.

Meanwhile Mr. Wesley's sermon was having little effect upon Lucy, whose mind was perforce occupied with her strange surroundings. Hers was a nature not easily moved, and she thought she did her duty. She was very unaccustomed to such language as Wesley used, and she knew not what he meant by spiritual senses. She liked to keep the invisible at a distance, and she did not wish to feel the little man's magnetism. It was necessary to creep into Lucy's heart before you could influence her outlook. At first she listened out of curiosity, but soon her eyes strayed to the crowd of strangers with here and there a familiar face. To her surprise she saw the two serving maids in tears. They were not wont to be overcome by emotion save at weddings and funerals, and she wondered what was the cause. Then, as the impassioned voice of the preacher went on, she discovered that many about her were weeping, and that broken, inarticulate prayers were coming from those who never prayed. Opposite to where Lucy was sitting, stood Antony, the dreamer. His face was raised in the fading

light, his eyes were fixed on John Wesley. It was as if the atmosphere in which he always dwelt was suddenly made visible. This was no new doctrine to him—this teaching of an all-loving God—this light invisible. It had been to him a pillar of fire for many a day through the darkness of disappointment. Then Lucy looked at Goody Dawe, who had mounted guard over her old husband's nameless grave at the beginning of the service, with a forbidding face. Her piercing eyes could not be seen under the deep shadow of her mob cap and old woman's hood, and her arms were folded in her scarlet cloak, for the air grew colder. But as Lucy watched her, her figure relaxed, her head bent lower, until presently Goody Dawe fell on her knees, and cried with the others: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" There must surely be some terrible spell used by the Methodists, thought Lucy, to conquer the witch of Garth. She glanced at her aunt, but that lady's attitude was rigid, and then her eyes came back to the preacher's face. He was denouncing the sins of a world in which God had no part, and his finger appeared to point straight at Lucy. She heard him say something about Popish baubles, and her hand went instinctively to the amethyst cross at her neck. And as she touched it, looking across the crowd, she saw John Addington looking at her.

"How strange it all is," said Lucy to herself. "Did Mr. Wesley mean me, I wonder," and she smiled at what seemed to her an absurdity. "I don't feel as Molly and Sukey and Goody Dawe do. I

wonder if Mr. Wesley will expect me to kneel down and say I am a sinner. I know I will not do such a thing," and she drew up her head proudly.

Just then she met Roger's eye, but he was looking grave, and did not seem to notice her glance. Lucy was piqued and suddenly conscious of an impatient wish that the Methodists had never come to disturb the summer gladness of Garth.

At that moment Mistress Kezia tapped her niece smartly on the arm with her fan. "Follow me, Lucy," she said imperiously. "Enough of this; we will leave these yokels to their mad folly. Parson Tratham canna ken what happens here tonight."

Then was Lucy aware that she did not wish to do her aunt's bidding, but she arose, and never looking at Roger, followed her without a word. But as they climbed the steep hill, and went up the lane to Windygarth, the strain of an unfamiliar hymn followed them through the stillness. It was sung by the little company of Methodists, but the village folk soon caught it up. Charles Wesley had not long written the words which will never lose their music to the world. Lucy stood still between the hollyhocks to listen:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.

The voices carried far, and their haunting sweetness roused something like regret in Lucy's heart that she had not listened more closely to the sermon. But she swept the desire aside. There was no magic in Methodism for her.



Down below in the churchyard Antony Saxton was listening with all his might to words that echoed the balm which had healed his soul:

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

He, too, fell upon his old, tired knees, not in supplication, but in tremulous thanksgiving. Antony had been a Methodist at heart since the days when he carried a lone little child home to Windygarth. But until today he had never known it.

## CHAPTER IX

We two walk till the purple dieth,  
And short, dry grass under foot is brown;  
But one little streak at a distance lieth,  
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

JOHN WESLEY went away from Garth, and the moorland life took up its ordinary tone again, though in many cases with a different undertone. Now and then a traveling preacher came out from Thirsk to hold a service in somebody's cottage, or under the yew tree that grew beside the lych-gate. And the first Methodist class meeting was held in Goody Dawe's kitchen.

The corn ripened, and harvest came with its usual customs and festivities, save that this time the hymns of the Methodists mingled with Jacobite songs. Parson Tratham was with difficulty unearthed from his study and torn away from Homer, to come to open the first ripe field of oats. In his white surplice, and with his long wig floating out into the breeze of an August morning, he was indeed the picture of an England that has passed completely away. The bending sickle was put into the field of grace, and very soon the feathery oats lay low. The first sheaf was bound by Lucy with deft fingers that had learned their task long ago, and Roger stood watching by her side.

"I misdoubt at the University you have forgotten how to do this," the girl said, teasingly.

"I would rather watch you, of a certainty," answered the parson's son with lazy content, looking down at the slim brown fingers.

"Don't you despise me for a country wench?" said Lucy, looking up archly, but with something in her eyes which dared him to say that he did.

He had no desire to say so, and the blue eyes fell hastily to the handful of oats again, as they caught a glimpse of the love in the dark gypsy ones.

A strange exultation often filled Lucy's heart during these days, but she was half afraid of its tumult, and it rendered her both proud and shy. Sometimes Roger found her coy and distant, sometimes almost tender. When he was away from her this attitude sometimes troubled him. He never suspected that it was because she was afraid of her own heart.

The corn stood out on the hillside in stooks, the wood grew burnished and the hedges amber. Scarlet berries lined the fields where wayside flowers had bloomed, and the frost of October lurked in the mornings. Then shots began to be heard through the autumn atmosphere, sounding from the far blue horizon. When the nights grew dark the dalesman's fire burned lurid upon the dying heather as he lit the bronze gold bracken which covered peat for his winter's fire.

And as Lucy sat spinning linen through the morning hours she could hear the huntsman's horn winding over the moorland, while the cry of the hounds

thrilled her bosom, as it needs must those who are country bred. As she listened to the long, protracted wail, she knew that Roger was there.

Early in the afternoon of All Hallow's Eve Lucy went over the moor to Goody Dawe's cottage. The clear light that belongs to October was making the landscape radiant. Vivid sunshine rested on Greymire, and mellowed its ripples of silver. The woods about it were growing bare, but Scotch firs were still black against the sky. Lucy drew her short cloak about her thinly clad shoulders, for there was a sharp touch in the atmosphere, and stepped buoyantly over the turf and the heather. Now and then she could hear sounds that came from far away. First, the low of cattle deceived her, familiar though it was. Then came the unmistakable shout of the huntsman, the deep bay that followed it, and the shrill, penetrating note of the horn. Hounds had evidently "found" in the woods about Saint Ruth's, and that meant Roger might perchance ride presently past Goody Dawe's cottage. Lucy told herself that it made no difference to her.

"'Tis a long time since they 'found' at Saint Ruth's," she said to herself. "I wonder will their visit lay the ghost!"

For at irregular intervals, ever since Martin Cattermole's fright, Brother Ambrose's ghastly specter had continued visible. For some weeks it would fail to appear, and the rumor would almost die away. Then, upon a wild night of shifting moonlight, it would be seen again, hideous and mysterious. It was a stouter heart than most of those in Garth or

Osmotherley, at that credulous day, who would venture across the ruins after dark. Yet, in spite of the reputation of the place, John Addington had taken up his abode there, and imported two foreign servants, who had rendered one end of the old place habitable. The mullioned windows, at which a light now sometimes shone, were at some distance from the refectory, so that John Addington and the ghost apparently went their separate ways heedless of one another. The foreign servants gave rise to much speculation in both villages. Goody Dawe reported, in accents of scorn, that they were only able to talk "feal's wuds," which, being translated, meant any tongue save that of Great Britain. This weakness did much to foster the belief that they were emissaries of the Pretender. But the ghost kept curious folk away, and, as the weeks passed, both John Addington and his household were regarded as "nob-but puir feals."

Lucy looked in at the window of the solitary cottage when she reached it, and saw Goody Dawe seated at her loom, while beside her, on the oaken dresser, lay an open Bible, yellow with age, and which she was almost unable to read. But since the Methodists came to Garth she liked to pore over its pages, picking out here and there the words that brought Mr. Wesley's sermon to her memory. It seemed to Goody that in her old age she had entered a rich inheritance.

"Ye mowt read me a chaptha, Mistress Lucy," she said longingly, when the girl had taken her seat on the settle.

"Surely, Goody, if you would like it," said Lucy, willingly, but with rising color. She had been used to gossip with Goody Dawe, and did not appreciate her change of attitude.

"But you must tell me where to read. I'm none so familiar with the Bible."

"Ah wod ye was, Miss Lucy," said Goody. "Will ye fahnd t' fifteenth chaptha of Saint Luike, an' reead ma aboot t' woman as swept oot 'er room to fahnd sixpence. Seems lahke as if ah'd a been luikin' for that there sixpence all ma lahfe, but ah've on'y joost picked oop 'andfuls o' doost."

Lucy found the place, and began to read at the beginning of the chapter the old story of the lost sheep. And as she read, in spite of herself, some of its charm and then of its truth crept into her heart. She felt a sudden drawing toward the Good Shepherd, because he was so wonderfully like Uncle Antony. Just so would he have sought the lost sheep even until morn. Lucy was not the only woman who has seen the attraction of Jesus Christ through the likeness of a dear personality. She read on, holding the book downward near the flame of the peat fire as day died upon the moor, while Goody Dawe left her loom and sat with folded hands. Neither of them saw a horseman who passed the window slowly, and with kindling eyes when he caught a sight of Lucy in the firelight. He tethered his tired horse to a stake outside, and softly opened the cottage door; but his steps were arrested by the sound of Lucy's voice, and he paused on the threshold in surprise to listen.

There are surely spirits in rooms. In the domain where Mistress Kezia reigned lurked the spirit of the material. The study where Roger's father read was the embodiment of the eighteenth century. But this old kitchen on the moorland, with its cream-colored walls, its oaken furniture, its tall clock, ticking so sonorously opposite the peat fire, was imbued with mystery of all time, that came from the borderland of eternity and touched the kingdom of heaven.

Roger stepped through the doorway reverently, and looked at Lucy with a new expression. She glanced up, and saw his red coat, and her whole demeanor changed. She closed the Bible somewhat hastily, unmindful of the dark eyes fixed upon her, and, springing to her feet, she began to stir the peat fire.

"It's All Hallow's E'en," she said gaily, "when uncanny things are abroad. You promised me turfcakes for supper, Goody. Perhaps, if Roger's good, you'll give him some, too. We ought to be roasting chestnuts in the fire. Come, Roger, let us be bairns again."

She produced a basket of chestnuts as she spoke, and laid two of them on the glowing hearth. "This little one's mine, Roger," she said, "and that big, important-looking one is yours. We'll see if we shall remain—friends always."

Lucy was in a daring mood, and Roger followed her lead. It seemed as if she would fain do away with the impression that she had given him. Goody Dawe bustled about preparing a meal. She was accustomed to entertaining Lucy, but she was greatly

in awe of the young Oxford graduate. The best that her dairy could produce was not good enough for him. The turf-cakes came out of their great round pan rich and hot and fragrant of peat. Tea was a very unusual luxury, but tonight Goody Dawe must make some for her guests, and presently the kettle was singing cheerfully as it hung from the quaint old reckin.

And just as its lid was dancing merrily, the chestnut which represented Lucy went off with a loud report, and leaped into the farthest corner of the kitchen.

"Gramercy!" exclaimed Lucy, with a mischievous laugh, "I see I am going to flout your friendship, Roger." She rose to her feet with her dainty chin in the air, while Roger followed somewhat ruefully, his chestnut remaining stolidly upon the hearth.

Supper was a merry meal, enlivened by Lucy's wildest sallies, though now and then the talk between Roger and Goody took a more serious turn. The young man was genuinely anxious to know how Methodism was progressing in the village, though he shook his head when Goody pressed him to come to the meetinghouse. He had no mind to be instructed by hand-loom weavers, he said, somewhat haughtily. This remark caused Lucy to give him the only sympathetic glance she had vouchsafed him since he appeared.

It was quite dark when at length Roger and Lucy set out upon their homeward way, not without qualms upon the girl's part when she thought of Mistress Kezia. They walked rather silently over the



moorland. The intimacy of darkness and loneliness stirred the love in Roger's heart, and he longed to tell all the tender story that seemed so new to him. But he feared a rebuff. Great love is always timid, and Lucy was not in a mood to be kind.

"Saint Ruth's boggle will surely be out tonight," she said, as they came in sight of Greymire.

"You are not frightened, are you?" asked Roger tenderly. "Give me your hand if you are," and he held out his own.

"I'm not, thank you, sir," replied Lucy mockingly, as she drew her blue cloak more closely about her neck, where the violet cross gleamed in the folds of her kerchief.

A sudden wind had arisen in the October night, and before Lucy knew what had happened, it had torn her cloak from her shoulders, and she stood shivering in the night.

"Oh!" she cried, while Roger passed her his horse's rein, and prepared to go in search; but before he could do so a dark figure sprang up from the side of the moor, and, with a sweeping bow, John Addington was placing the cloak about Lucy's shoulders.

"I thank you," she said in a low voice. With a murmured compliment he went on his way.

Roger looked after him savagely.

"Do you know that fellow, Lucy?" he asked.

Then an implike desire arose in Lucy.

"Yes," she said, jauntily, "I do. What have you against him, Roger?"

"I like not the way he looks at you, nor at that

jewel you wear. And, to my thinking, he's at the bottom of Saint Ruth's boggle and other happenings, that may mean more than we can see."

Lucy laughed, though her heart was beating loudly. Roger must love her if he could be jealous.

"Ye're growing timorous, Roger," she said with disdain, and then she peered into the darkness. Somebody else was coming toward them, his head bowed against the wind.

"It's blessed Uncle Antony," said the girl, in a tone which Roger would have given his life to arouse.

"He's coming to look for the lost sheep, to shield her from Aunt Kezia's wrath." And her mind went suddenly back to the parable.

## CHAPTER X

Since we sailed,  
Some things have failed,  
And many a dream  
Gone down the stream.—*Thoreau.*

THOUGH Lady Wilbraham was a woman of the world, she had apparently not forgotten Lucy. The girl's dainty beauty and isolated life had roused the lady's errant sympathy, and when Christmas was over Mistress Kezia became the recipient of many curiously spelled letters, which the carrier brought from York to Thirsk and handed to Martin Cattermole.

At first Mistress Kezia laid them aside with a frown. Then she grew angry at their persistence, and finally, in the gruffest of tones, she asked advice of Antony the dreamer, a thing she never did save in the rarest of emergencies.

To her surprise he counseled compliance.

"Let the bairn go," he said. "She is too rare a jewel to be always at home."

Mistress Kezia sniffed. "Ye're daft about Lucy, Antony," she said. "'Tis only because she wants to go that ye say this."

"Nay, nay, Kezia," replied the old man. "Ye'll see Lucy will be glad to come back."

"Not she, the willful bairn; 'twill spoil her," said her aunt, grimly.

Antony had put in the thin edge of the wedge,

and when Roger Tratham added his entreaties, though with a sinking heart, Mistress Kezia ungraciously gave way.

As the February days grew longer and milder it chanced that Parson Tratham had it in his mind to go up to York in order to consult certain books in the Chapter House library, so he offered Lucy a seat in his unwieldy traveling carriage. When the morning for departure came he had forgotten all about her, but Roger drove with his father as far as Windygarth, and reminded him that he was to have a companion. Lucy was waiting at the garden gate, with Antony beside her, while Martin Cattermole was breathing hard as he shouldered her modest luggage. She looked like an incarnation of spring, with a bunch of snowdrops in her gown. She was only to be absent a week, but it stretched before her like a lifetime. There were tears on her lashes as the carriage stopped, though she would hardly stay to say farewell. Before Roger realized that he had not even kissed her hand the door was shut and she had gone.

The sky was filling with sunset gold when the first glimpse of York arose upon the flat horizon. Surely here was a place of dreams and wonders that meant a new world! Already it seemed a year since the morning, and Lucy clasped her hands tightly as she peered through the carriage windows at the minster towers and old gray walls.

"Oh—is it not—a dream?" she sighed, turning to the rector, who had closed his book when the light faded.

"Eh? what—what did you say, my dear—a dream? The minster? I never thought of it in that light. I suppose it was once—to the monks who designed it. 'Tis a fine building; but a dream—no."

"But it is a dream to me," said Lucy persistently.

"I cannot see how you logically maintain your point," returned the old man; but Lucy did not hear him.

The carriage was rattling over the stones and under the gateway of Bootham Bar. At last she, Lucy Saxton, found herself within a city. A sound broke upon her ears. It was the chime for even-song. It rose and fell, seemingly tossed on high amid rooks in the deanery garden and the lengthening light of the February sky. The next moment the carriage stopped at the old gabled house in the minster yard, where Lady Wilbraham was living.

A sudden shyness seized Lucy as the unwieldy carriage and the absent-minded rector drove away. It was her last tie to Windygarth, and she had been eager to sever it. Perhaps it was the dignity of powdered footmen on the doorstep that made her angrily conscious of a sudden stab of homesickness. She felt unusually small and insignificant as she was ushered into a large room, which seemed full of people, among whom it was difficult to distinguish her hostess.

Lady Wilbraham came forward languidly and kissed her on both cheeks in the latest foreign fashion. Already she was inclined to repent the urgency of her invitation to Lucy.

"Well, my little country rose," she said, "so you are transplanted at last. And a monstrous deal of digging up you've taken."

"My roots are there still, ma'am," said Lucy, with heightened color, while a gallant who stood at Lady Wilbraham's elbow laughed.

Lucy did not care to be labeled a country rose, but at least she could show them that the plant had thorns.

Lady Wilbraham smiled indifferently, while a group of women behind her looked curiously at Lucy. But the lady did not present her to them, and presently, when they departed, took her away to a small room over the hall, where supper was laid for two.

"Now, my dear, we can be cosy," she said, in the manner that Lucy remembered at Garth. The guest took her seat at the well-appointed table, where the number of wax candles would have horrified Mistress Kezia. But a great misgiving and a greater disappointment was tugging at the girl's heart. Could it be possible that Lady Wilbraham did not want her after all her pressing letters?

In spite of her efforts to the contrary, her inward eyes would stray to Windygarth. Supper would be over long ago. Had Antony missed her, she wondered—and Roger—?

But Lady Wilbraham was speaking.

"'Tis too provoking," she said, 'but I have promised a party to go to the play tonight. 'Tis but a poor affair after London, and I would willingly forego it, but they will take no refusal. I am sure

that Mistress Saxton would never forgive me if I took you to such a place, and you would not feel happy if your dress were unlike the rest. Shall you be very dull, my child, if I leave you at home? I will send my woman to sit with you."

Lucy looked full at Lady Wilbraham with the straightforward glance that was known so well at Windygarth.

"I shall be perfectly content, madam, where all is new," she said, with a significant turn of her long neck.

Lady Wilbraham blushed slightly and kissed her. You are a dear little sweet-tempered thing I know," she said, "and tomorrow you shall see the sights."

Lucy was not demonstrative, and she did not return the embrace with effusion. Left alone, she shrugged her shoulders. "My temper is not of the sweetest, your ladyship," she said, with a flash of blue eyes.

That was a very long week in spite of all that was crowded into it, and Lucy was vastly entertained, though she saw little of Lady Wilbraham's fine guests. On the rare occasions when she was in the room with them their talk bewildered her, and her own fine sense of truth and dignity of Puritan demeanor was appalled by the ways of eighteenth century women.

And there were times when she did not scruple to say what she thought, much to Lady Wilbraham's discomfiture. Her hostess annoyed her more than once by dubbing her a "pretty Methodist," and it

was in vain that Lucy protested that she had no dealing with such folk.

"'Tis my grave nephew, Roger, has infected you," said her ladyship. "Fie, pretty Lucy; I had not thought to find you such a prude."

Lucy was often amazed at her own attitude, and somewhat secretly ashamed of the glad leap of her pulses when she contemplated her return to Windygarth. Antony Saxton had not misjudged his treasure. Lucy had often gibed at her boundaries. But now that she was away from them, she set up higher ones of her own.

During the week that she spent in the minster yard her inmost nature grew. The London coach was an object of awe to her. The Lord Mayor, in his gown of scarlet and fur, the link-boys in the street at night, the wares in the overhanging shops, the swift and silent river, and the ruined abbey beside it—all these made their impression upon Lucy's life, but they did not wake her womanhood. It was the thoughts that came to her in the spaces of the vast and silent minster when she carried her own torn dignity there, that made of the child Lucy a woman with a heart that suddenly knew its love, and also—its need of something divine.

Two days before her return to Windygarth there was to be a grand recital in the minster of Handel's "Messiah," and Lady Wilbraham asked Lucy if she would care to go. It was much too grave and long for her, she said, but her maid might attend Lucy.

Handel was then in the zenith of his fame, and the "Messiah" a new work; so Lucy found all the



graver world assembled to listen to it. Not very far from her own seat in the nave she even saw a group of gray-gowned Methodists.

The music rolled with solemn passion about arch and triforium. The boys' treble voices lifted Lucy to an altitude that she had never touched before. She had not known that it was possible in this world to feel in so short a time the subtle emotions that tore, while they satisfied, her heart. With it all she was conscious of a ceaseless longing that Roger should hear it too.

Suddenly every sound ceased save one lark-like voice of celestial sweetness. Then came that yearning melody which all the world has learned to love: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall carry the lambs in his arms."

It was March now, and in the cold starlight of the moorland Lucy knew that Uncle Antony would be spending nights with the sheep. And when morning dawned in gray and primrose he would be carrying in his arms the newly born lambs, to whom the world was a cold place.

Lucy realized as never before that these vigils kept by the old dreamer, who never complained of hardship or cold, were glorified by glimpses into the heart of a Great Shepherd.

The music died away into a sobbing breath, and Lady Wilbraham's maid stifled her yawns at the prospect of a near release. The audience rose and made for the great north door, which had been opened for the occasion. But Lucy lingered. She was to return in two days, and this would be her last

glimpse of the minster. She did not ever expect to see it again, but it had been a factor in her making. As Lucy reached the door of the cathedral, she saw one of Lady Wilbraham's favored admirers waiting for her. He was a middle-aged man, whose curled wig could not hide the lines that life had written upon his face. It was not the first time that he had tried to gain an interview with Lucy.

"Well, miss," he began, when he had doffed his three-cornered hat, "you are looking monstrous grave. Whom have you met in there, may I ask, to bring shadows to those pretty eyes?"

Lucy did not blush at the impertinence of the question. She looked straight into the man's faded face. "I think I have met—God," she said.

The man staggered slightly. "By my faith," he exclaimed, "you are indeed from the country, Mistress Lucy."

"And I shall be heartily glad to return thither, sir," said Lucy, in a tone from which the reverence of her last words had gone.

"It must be a pure and pleasant place," and there was no sneer in his tone.

"You would not care for it, sir," said Lucy simply, and yet with unconscious hauteur.

"I should if you were there," ventured the man of the world, but Lucy's gaze was stony.

Two mornings later the clumsy carriage called again for Lucy. She stepped into it with an even brighter face than she had worn at the gate of Windygarth. Perchance her farewells were somewhat short, in spite of their Old World courtesy, for

a transient shame had rendered Lady Wilbraham fulsome. It would ever be difficult to Lucy to be gracious without sincerity, and hypocrisy froze her manners, though she had learned by this time that all Lady Wilbraham's feelings were transient.

There was no change in the old rector, and he turned to her as they left the city behind. "Well, my child," he said, polishing his silver spectacles, and regarding her as if she had been a curiosity, "has it all been a dream, then—this wonderful city?"

"Yes," responded Lucy quickly, "and some of it a bad one."

## CHAPTER XI

Knighthood is not in the feats of warre,  
As for to fight in quarrel right or wrong,  
But in a cause which truth cannot defarre;  
He ought himself for to make sure and strong,  
Justice to keep mixt with mercy among  
And no quarrell a knight ought to take  
But for a truth or for a woman's sake.

—*Stephen Hawes.*

IF Roger Tratham had ever doubted the strength of the difference that Lucy now made in his life, he never did so again after the week in which she was absent. There was a desolate blank on the moorland which nobody else could fill. It was useless to saunter down to Windygarth about the cosy supper time, though Antony's welcome was always there, and Mistress Kezia usually had a grim smile for him. There was no lithe figure wrapped in a blue cloak to be seen on the bank of silver Greymire or the path to Goody Dawe's cottage.

Roger strove to console himself with the fading pleasures of hunting, but the season was nearly over, and foxes scarce. As he cantered over the moorland, his red coat and black love-locks flying behind, all the old vexed questions troubled his mind again. Where lay the end of that long search that Mr. Wesley's words had aroused in him? What was the secret that he had sought and could not find? He would not ask it of the humble folk about him.

Roger had lately discovered upon the shelves of his father's study an ancient book that had fascinated him. He had looked into it with curiosity, but was very soon reading it, absorbed. It was a book that Roger's grandmother had bought after hearing the tinker of Elstow preach. The story of the Pilgrim's Progress was filling Roger's mind, but though he felt that the burden lay heavy upon him, he knew not the way to the Cross.

So his thoughts were very far distant from the sport in which he was engaged as he rode to the meet one fair March morning. It was a day of balmy breath and scent of coming summer. All the airs and graces of spring were abroad, an uncertain herald of her coming. Roger's destination was an old wayside inn, "The Little Tontine," which stood at the meeting of three ways, on the road to Yarm. His nearest way lay through Saint Ruth's woods, so he rode leisurely over the moorland and past the village of Osmotherley, picking his way across a rough hillside until he dropped into the bridle path. It was here and there a difficult matter to keep clear of the dense undergrowth, but Roger's hunter was surefooted, and took her way with delicate certainty. The reins lay loosely on her neck while Roger reveled in the morning. The bracken fronds were beginning to uncurl, and there were buds in the hearts of primroses.

Presently the ruined walls and dim corners of the Lady Chapel arose out of the trees, and Roger looked at the place curiously. He had more than a suspicion of foul play in the matter of Brother Am-

brose's ghost, and as he walked his horse slowly, he suddenly resolved to make investigations. He bent from his saddle, and looked into the damp, eerie place, and then all about him in the woods. There was no sight or sound of human being. Suddenly something in the corner of the chapel arrested his attention. He sprang from his horse, and throwing the bridle over his arm, went to pick it up. To his surprise, it was a large and fine white handkerchief, and he smiled grimly as he saw the deep red stain upon it. It was certainly the sign of no blood-stained breast, for it bore the scent and appearance of a vivid dye well known to Roger. He tossed the handkerchief back into the corner, and mounted his horse again. Throwing back his handsome head, he laughed long though noiselessly, and promised himself sport in the pursuit of a creature not unlike the stealthy fox. As he passed the long, gray building of Saint Ruth's there was no sight of John Addington anywhere. But through a chink in a boarded window he was watching Roger with instinctive hatred in his eyes.

That was a long day in the saddle, for there was no wind, and scent carried far over the damp earth. The tireless hounds led their human followers over many a mile of moorland. Excitement ran high in the veins of riders as they followed the fleet, russet fox, and Roger forgot everything else. But at length evening drew on, and the last "gone away" was sounded. More than one whin covert was drawn blank, and little groups of horsemen began to leave the field. It had been a brilliant hunting-

day, and it was nearly seven o'clock when hounds were at length drawn off, and set with faces toward the kennels; while Roger, his intention of the morning now uppermost, made once again for Saint Ruth's.

He found himself again at "The Little Tontine," and there he stabled his horse for the time being, and sat down in the inn parlor to his evening meal. Now and then he smiled to himself sardonically as he leaned back for a brief rest in a big oak chair, but when he rose and went out into the night again, he was more than ready for an encounter.

It was half-past eight, and a dark night, in spite of the crescent moon, for fleeting clouds were scudding across the sky, and often obscured its face. The treacherous promise of spring had gone, and a cutting wind had risen. It fluttered the skirt of Roger's coat as he crept up the rutted lane to Saint Ruth's. The trees in front of the habitable portion were very dense, and shaded the monks' fish-pond. Roger stole softly over last year's leaves until he found a sheltered spot that faced the center of the long, green front. Even in the moonlight it would lie deep in shadow. It was almost warm among the thick trunks of giant oaks, and with a dry carpet of underwood. Roger turned up his meager collar, and drew his deep cuffs over his ruffled wrists. He settled his back against the trunk of a tree, stretched out his feet, and prepared to wait.

Nine o'clock chimed in the distance from the church tower of Osmotherley, but nothing had happened. The quarters followed slowly, and then

came the strokes of ten. As they died away, Roger heard the sound of quiet footsteps. The boggle of Saint Ruth's knew well, apparently, that it was useless to be out later.

But this was not the boggle; it was a tall, thin man in ordinary garb, who walked through the ruins and disappeared in the woods. Roger's long sight followed him into the recesses of the trees, and then he nodded his head.

"I thought so," he whispered exultantly.

It seemed a long time before, in the mysterious distance, he caught a glimpse of white. It came slowly down the winding path with measured, gliding tread, and as the cloud passed away from the face of the moon, stood revealed with a stain on its breast. No sound it made, this weird figure, its awful face upraised, as it paused at intervals and stood motionless.

If Roger had not been convinced of its origin, he wondered whether he should have been deceived. As it was, he sat slightly bending forward in a tense attitude, ready to spring to his feet at any moment. The ghost of Brother Ambrose passed within half a dozen yards of the place where he was concealed, but still Roger did not move, but held his breath, lest the faintest sound should betray his presence. Brother Ambrose apparently possessed no occult sight, for he went on his way. But the moment he disappeared within the stout oaken door which obviously opened to receive him, Roger rushed forward, and the next moment was hiding under the low sill of the refectory window.



The final act of the night's program was all that was left to perform, and in due course the ghost appeared with upraised arms at the window, his open lips prepared to utter the wail with which he disappeared. But before he could make a sound he was suddenly and unexpectedly seized from below, with no respect for his ghostly character, and before he could gather his scattered senses was hurled over the mullioned window sill, and prisoned against the wall. The white cloth about his brow fell to the ground. One wide sleeve of his Carthusian habit was torn into a great rent. As he flung out an arm to protect himself, the long features and burning eyes of John Addington were plainly visible.

"Coward!" muttered Roger between his teeth, seizing the priest by his neck.

But this brought John Addington's blood up, and he struck out at Roger with trained and powerful blows. For some moments they were equally matched, and presently the white, ghostly garment was indeed stained with blood, while Roger's white ruffles were crimson. But the attenuated priest was no real match for the North Riding dalesman, glowing with health, and sound in every muscle.

Presently John Addington was begging mercy in the night as Roger dragged him toward the monks' fish pond. But Roger had no mercy. In his mind were pictured the scared old men, delicate women, fear-stricken children, whose lives had been a burden to them after dark for many days. And behind this deepened his hatred of things underhand and plots that would not bear the light of day. So, pres-

ently there was a loud splash at the edge of the green and stagnant fish pond, followed by a gasp and a splutter, and then another plunge. When, finally, John Addington stood shivering and drenched beneath the trees, Roger raised his riding whip and thrashed him until he sank to the ground.

"There!" said Lucy's lover, breaking the whip in two and throwing it into the pond, "that shall never insult a good horse after touching such as you."

The man at his feet groaned, but even in this extremity he did not forget to beg for secrecy.

"You—will not—make—this public?" he gasped.

Roger looked at him in unutterable scorn. "I make no promises to fools and villains," he said. "'Twill depend on you entirely whether I tell your tale."

He turned on his heel and strode away to "The Little Tontine" inn to find his horse. The innkeeper's wife came out to him with a jug of frothing ale as he sprang to his saddle. She looked somewhat curiously at his blood-stained ruffles and the disarray of his attire, but those were days when such things were commonplace, and did not give rise to question. She thought he had likely been fighting a duel, of which some country beauty was the cause.

Left alone under the trees, John Addington slowly rose to his feet and shook his dripping garments. Then, tearing off his ghostly disguise, he limped toward the shattered window where lights gleamed with an appearance of secrecy. A great hatred, a thirst for revenge, was filling all his being. He turned toward the direction in which Roger had

disappeared, and shook his clenched and shaking fist.

"You shall rue this bitterly, my fine gallant," he said, "and so shall little Lucy."

He limped up the steps, and called loudly for the attendance of his foreign servants. And before the night was many hours older, one of them, mounted upon a swift horse, was riding toward the Border, bearing in his saddlebag a portentous letter written in cipher. Here and there upon its pages appeared the name of Roger Tratham as one marked out for doom.

Though Roger said nothing about his encounter at Saint Ruth's, Parson's Joe informed the village of the condition in which his young master had returned to the rectory.

And the simultaneous disappearance of the dreaded boggle caused the countryside to put two and two together as it breathed freely again. Roger found the blessings of old women doubled, and twice as many forelocks pulled at his approach. He was regarded with an added respect as bordering upon the mysterious, for the inhabitants of Garth and Osmotherley would have been sorry to believe that the ghost was mortal. They had lost their dread of the boggle, but they were still very careful not to cross the ruins at night.

## CHAPTER XII

If love is not worth loving, then life is not worth living,  
Nor aught is worth remembering, but well forgot,  
For store is not worth storing, and gifts are not worth  
giving,

If love is not.—*Christina Rossetti.*

LUCY was very silent during the journey back to Windygarth. She sat with her eyes fixed on the country while the old rector was absorbed in his book, and there was no shadow of regret in them. She had seen the world, she reflected naively, and she was more than willing to go back to Windygarth. Perhaps Lucy had never looked so pretty as with this softening touch across her brow.

The first glint of the dark moors was to her as the dear and familiar face of one greatly beloved. Vaguely she realized for the first time the power of the moorland's call. And through the March day there stole into her heart a wonderful sense of something coming.

It was not market day in Thirsk, and the little town was almost deserted, save for the few children and old men in smock frocks, who looked admiringly after the vicar's carriage. And once beyond the town, every landmark grew familiar until the carriage was climbing the ragged lane to Windygarth.

Lucy sprang out into the paddock, her face radiant with delight. Antony gave one anxious

glance at her, and his old eyes were satisfied. Lucy who had come back again was even dearer than Lucy who went away.

"Why, the primroses are coming out!" cried the girl, stooping to a sheltered corner where a cluster of pale, fragrant stars was clearly visible. "And the snowdrops!" For the little path to the porch was white with summer's harbingers. "The country has grown different since I went away." She looked round at the great hills and wide valley as she spoke.

"I put a mug of snowdrops by your bedside, Lucy," whispered Antony, as they reached the porch.

"It was like you," said Lucy, giving him a look that would have been worth untold gold to Roger.

Mistress Kezia was awaiting her niece in the hall, with Molly and Sukey at the kitchen door behind her. The supper table was laden, and Mistress Kezia was wearing her second-best gown. Lucy wondered why, for it never occurred to her that it was in honor of her arrival.

Yet so it was. During the week just passed, Mistress Kezia had experienced a blank in her life which she had never thought to find, while many an anxiety had torn her heart. It had been a sorry time for Antony, whom she regarded as responsible for the girl's departure, and her gloomy predictions concerning Lucy's return were reiterated every hour. Absence is indeed the balancing scale of love.

But here was Lucy, as fresh and sweet as when she went away. In all her life she had never seen

her aunt regard her with such approval. It was indeed worth a week in the great world if it made the mistress of Windygarth look at her like that.

"Well, Sukey—well, Molly," she cried gaily, after she had greeted her aunt with a kiss. "I've brought you each a fine fairing from York, I can tell you. Wait until I open my bundles," and Lucy ran lightly upstairs to her room under the eaves, filled with stillness and country charm. One look she took at silver Greymire, and then she descended again.

"I'll be bound Leddy Wilbraham was for keeping ye," remarked Mistress Kezia as she carved the ham.

"No, Aunt Kezia, I think she had had enough of me," replied Lucy, frankly, and with a slight frown. "And I," she continued, her chin tilting upward, "was equally tired of her kind of life."

But though a smile of grim satisfaction was laid about Kezia's lips, she spoke severely. "I hope ye werena rude to her leddyship, bairn," she said.

"Not I, Aunt Kezia," returned Lucy proudly; "but I think she was something rude to me."

Antony looked up quickly. Had his darling been disdained?

"Aye, aye, mebbe," said Mistress Kezia, with unction. "But ye should a' taken ye're aunt's advice, and bided at home like a guid bairn. Let it be a lesson to ye."

Lucy looked at her plate demurely, but with a side glance at Antony, in answer to which he smiled. But there was indignation in his heart.

"I must go and see Greymire," cried Lucy, when

the meal was concluded, and taking her sunbonnet from its peg.

"Bless the bairn, it's nearly dark," said Kezia, but Lucy was already half way down the zigzag path, and in sight of the silver lake.

It was the hour between dusk and day when it was most mysterious—when the ripples that always flowed toward the watcher seemed charged with a hidden meaning—when it was easiest to believe in the buried city.

In a little hollow by the margin of the water Lucy saw someone sitting with bent head. It could not be Antony, for she had left him behind. As she drew nearer she saw that it was Roger.

He was poring over a book, and did not hear her coming. So she came noiselessly up and looked over his shoulder, saying, in an arch voice that startled him: "What have you there, fair sir, that so takes up your mind as to make you deaf to a lady's foot-step?"

Roger sprang to his feet, and dropped the book. Seizing both of Lucy's hands, he kissed them vehemently, with passion in his eyes. Then he looked at her. "Oh, Lucy," he whispered, "it has been a long, long week."

"Has it, Roger?" She looked up through the dusk for a moment, and her eyes shone like tender stars.

"Not to you?" asked Roger, wistfully.

"Perhaps." She looked away to the silver lake, but she had not withdrawn her hands. There was a yielding witchery about her which Roger had

never seen before, but which was infinitely more alluring than the old wistfulness.

"Lucy!" His words came brokenly. He could not be eloquent. All the love of his heart seemed to rise to his lips only to be lost in a passionate silence. There was no possibility of putting it into words.

Lucy's arrow-like figure was nearly as tall as his. He bent his face to hers. He felt her yielding, coming toward him. Another moment, and his arms would have been round her, his kisses on her lips, and brow, and hair.

But at that moment there came a loud shout from the bank above. Parson's Joe was hailing them, and they drew apart hastily.

"Eh, Master Roger," cried the serving-man's excited voice. "Mr. Wesley's here. He's rid ower fra Ossy, and he wants to preeach. It'll on'y be a small t'umpny, soa 'e's ganin' te speek unner te yew tree at chutch yat. A'm ganin' te tell Goody Dawe."

"Will you come, Lucy?" asked Roger, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Lucy, softly. She could even be kindly toward the Methodists tonight.

They found a little company at the gate of the churchyard, pressing closely about the figure of John Wesley. Roger went to speak to him, and the preacher kept the young man by his side, so Lucy was left alone under the shadow of the lych-gate. There was nobody present from Windygarth. Antony was away tending the sheep, and, after their behavior upon the last occasion, Mistress Kezia had



decreed that Molly and Sukey Cattermole should never again attend Mr. Wesley's preaching.

The atmosphere of the little service seemed to Lucy a very solemn one. It brought back to her memory the singing of the Messiah in the minster. She was prepared to listen humbly when Wesley gave out his text.

It was again a short one, and Lucy noticed that Roger looked up eagerly when he heard it. "Without faith it is impossible to please him."

The sermon cannot be given here. It was a passionate appeal for faith in the invisible, the unknowable, and the Cross of Christ. Not faith because of certainty, but certainty because of faith, was the plea that rang out over the moorland, and that has rung down the ages into many hearts.

As Roger listened it seemed to him that suddenly, after all his questioning, a great plain was laid open before him, across which he saw the track that he must follow.

There came to him the beginning of Bunyan's story. He saw himself a pilgrim at the wicket-gate. He heard the voice of the evangelist, "Do you see yonder shining light?" and the pilgrim's answer: "I think I do."

Then Roger remembered that before the wayfarer Christian came into the radiance of that light he knelt with his burden at the foot of the Cross, and Roger determined to kneel there too.

Lucy's thought had strayed away from the sermon in spite of herself, and she began to be aware of the fact that she was tired. It had been a

strangely exciting day, but looking back upon it she thought of it only as a setting for those moments besides Greymire. When would Roger finish his words? Lucy was conscious of an impulse of impatience toward the passionate preacher under the yew tree. Perchance it might be long before the story which he had interrupted should be finished.

There was a slight commotion among Mr. Wesley's hearers, and Lucy leaned forward to listen. Two or three women were swaying to and fro and praying audibly. One of them was Goody Dawe, and as Lucy watched her a strange thing happened. Two strong and powerful dalesmen knelt on the hard road, side by side. Their heads were bare, and one of them was the old serving-man, Martin Cattermole, who lifted horny, shaking hands, and cried aloud concerning his sins. Lucy turned from him involuntarily, and looked at the other. The blood froze in her beating heart. Her cheek and lips grew white. The dark-haired man who knelt there silently was none other than Roger Tratham! It seemed a long time to Lucy before anything else happened. She clung to the lych-gate behind her for support, and her world seemed cut away from under her feet.

Roger to turn Methodist!

An intangible barrier, more real than rocks and bars, rose up to part them. It would indeed be many a day before the story told by Greymire would be finished. Presently Lucy became aware of the fact that Roger had risen to his feet, and was joining with all the Methodists in a hymn of fervor.

Now I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,  
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,  
Before the world's foundations slain,  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
Till heaven and earth shall pass away.

Under cover of the music Lucy walked away, and climbed the ragged lane to Windygarth, with weighted feet from which all the buoyancy had flown. She found Mistress Kezia in the hall. After all that had occurred, she was surprised to find that it was still early.

"Where have you been, Lucy?" asked Mistress Kezia. The approval had gone from her tone.

"I have been listening to Mr. Wesley's preaching, Aunt Kezia," said Lucy straightforwardly, but with a suddenly quivering lip, that did not escape her aunt's notice.

"What is the matter with ye, bairn? Ye've none got converted, have ye?" And Mistress Kezia drew her brows together.

"No, Aunt Kezia," said Lucy, indifferently. "'Tis not a Methodist I would be."

"I wish Mr. Wesley would keep his distance, and leave a quiet village to itself." Her knitting needles clicked fiercely. "There's no end to newfangled ideas nowadays. Here's Molly and Sukey sulking in my verra face because they canna go and hear the Methodists. Fine times when a kitchen wench defies her mistress."

Lucy said nothing. The attitude of Molly and Sukey Cattermole seemed to her of little moment,

and her aunt continued: "Get to your bed, Lucy, and mind your face isna so white the morn. And let me hear no more o' Methodists."

Lucy complied willingly, and, taking a silver candlestick from the polished table, went silently upstairs. But when she set down her light beside the window, she threw herself down before an old cushioned chair, and burst into bitter tears.

"Roger is a Methodist—a Methodist!" she wailed. "And I'll never, never marry one."

## CHAPTER XIII

Much must be borne that it is hard to bear,  
Much must be given away that it were sweet to  
keep;  
God help us all who need, indeed, his help,  
And yet I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and all the moorland lay wrapped in slumber and silence. There was no sound, no light, about Windygarth, no movement in the village below. The velvet moorland lay under the sky remote, aloof, mysterious. But on the hilltop above the woods about Greymire, there was a stir now and then in the starlight. A crescent moon was riding on high and making the moorland visible, but in a little hollow of the hilltop a lantern gleamed fitfully. Beside it sat Antony, an old plaid shawl about his shoulders, and his sparse white locks straggling from under the shabby hat drawn down over his eyes. All around him slept the black-faced mountain sheep, crowding together for warmth and comfort, while here and there newborn, long-legged lambs pressed close to the sides of their mothers. The faint bleating that came from them now and then was the only sound in the stillness. The lambing season was a weariness of the flesh to the younger shepherd of Windygarth, but these nights under the cold starlight were dream vigils to Antony. As he crouched in the sheltering hollow, waiting for the coming of the lambs,

thoughts and memories filled the atmosphere until it became a place of prayer. The Divine Secret stood revealed in his upturned face, and when he came down from the mountainside, like Moses of old, he wist not that it shone.

During this night of Lucy's return from York, several weakly lambs had been born, and Antony had made more than one expedition to the saddle room fire with these wrecklings in his arms. He looked strangely like a picture of the Good Shepherd as he carried them, tenderly wrapped in his plaid, over the hillside and through the briars. When he returned to the flock, after one of these expeditions, he discovered that he was very tired, and setting down his lantern, he closed his eyes wearily. A moment later and he was fast asleep, with his old white head on the bosom of the earth, like a child held tenderly. And, indeed, Antony Saxton still possessed the heart of a child.

He was awakened suddenly, unexpectedly, by such a sound as he had never heard in his life. He started to his feet, bewildered, and looked at the sheep, but there was no movement in the flock. Then came again the noise that he had heard in his sleep—a mighty, terrific, thunderous roar that rent the air and came upon the quietude as an awful portent of dread. What had happened on the immovable moorland where nothing ever happened? Antony rubbed his eyes, and peered across Greymire at the steep cliff beyond. And as he gazed he grew more bewildered, for its well-known face had become unfamiliar. The vivid moonlight that had

revealed earlier in the night even the uncurling bracken fronds, now showed with equal plainness that these had all gone. The rugged brow of Black Hambleton was no longer graced with a green moss of centuries and a charm of time's coloring. The whole face of the great moorland cliff had been torn away by some invisible force, leaving behind a surface of awful, shining whiteness that gleamed ghastly in the uncanny light.

"What—what is it?" stammered Antony, and seizing his lantern, he climbed to the top of the hill. There before him appeared a terrible sight as he stood himself a weird black figure, staring into space. For as he looked the summit of the opposite cliff suddenly yawned before him into a dreadful chasm, and with another thunderous roar great, dark masses of something black and heavy were cast up into the night out of the very bowels of the earth. They fell with a dull and awful reverberation that quivered through the moorland night, and died away into intense stillness that had something fearful in its calm.

Antony clasped his hands in agony, rooted to the spot where he stood, but no terror was cold about his own heart. It was, of course, the end of the world. Of that he was positive, and his mystic eyes sought the eastern sky eagerly for the coming of the Son of man and the holy angels. Down below in the churchyard he looked to see graves yawn. He had lived to see the resurrection morning. He clasped his old, worn hands again, but this time in ecstasy, as he fell on his knees. Another distant, significant

rumble, but this time in the sloping pastureland at the foot of the tortured cliff. Green mounds like graves that were made long ago, appeared here and there upon the surface of the pasture—mounds awful in their significance. What would they open and display? But they did not open, and with a long, shuddering sigh Antony realized that the weird happenings of the night seemed over. And, surely, the Son of man delayed his coming in the eastern sky where day would soon be born.

Close to the place where the terrible sights and sounds have been, something very ordinary restored the balance of the commonplace. A light twinkled out on the edge of the cliff—a light that came from a window in the rectory left standing by an escape that was to silence the words on many lips. For Roger's home stood now upon the margin of the great chasm that had been torn from the moor. Shouts and voices began to be heard, and Antony realized that others were abroad as well as himself, and that it was but the dawning of an ordinary day. Leaving the sheep, he hurried along the hillside, past Greymire and through the village. As he drew nearer he caught sight of Roger Tratham, with the old rector leaning on his arm, and even at this mysterious juncture, polishing his silver spectacles because he knew not what else to do. This was surely an event unparalleled even in the pages of Homer.

At the first clash of the catastrophe Garth had awakened from its heavy sleep, and very soon the weavers and their wives were out under the yew tree



at the churchyard gate. Every heart was panic-stricken. Something direful was about to happen to them all. There were not wanting those who stormed that this was the doing of the Methodists.

"Noa, noa—it's that witch Goody Dawe. Sha 'as moor deeins wi't devil than Mr. Wesley," cried a woman hushing a frantic baby in her arms.

"Wha's got t' prayer buik and could read us a prayer?" shouted the oldest inhabitant above the noise that nature was making.

"Parson's Joe's got one—naebody else i' t' village 'as, or could reead it if they 'ad," was the answer of somebody, and with a wild, simultaneous rush the village made for the cottage of Parson's Joe.

He was cowering over a handful of peats in his hastily donned smock, afraid to come out of his cottage, and he sprang to his feet with a loud yell when his door burst unceremoniously open.

"As t' devil coom for ma?" he shouted piteously, and was only half assured by a familiar voice.

"Noa, noa, lad, not yet—thought its ommaist sartin e's coomin suin for soom on us. Getten thy prayer buik, Joe, and read oos a prayer for suirly it's end o' t' warld."

Joe went to the shelf in his inglenook, and took down a solitary book with shaking fingers, looking furtively through the window over his shoulder. He opened it at random, and began to read with no idea of the sense of his words. A profound silence fell upon the little company gathered about his door. It was not often that they gave such attention to printed matter.

Suddenly a voice came from the back of the crowd. It belonged to a laborer who had only recently come to settle in Garth and who would be regarded as a stranger for many a long year.

"That's none a prayer buik yo're readin' oot on," he called out. "It's nobbut Robin Crusoe."

"It beant. What do yo know about it? Yo're on'y new te t' plaace," was the indignant answer of Parson's Joe.

"Ah knows Robin Crusoe when ah 'ears it fur all that," said the voice, but Joe went on reading unperturbed.

Presently he came to the mention of one, man Friday, and the laborer interrupted him again.

"Whist, can't ye?" cried Joe, exasperated. "It's a printed buik, ah tell ye, and what if it be Robin Crusoe? A buik's a buik, beant it, and there's good prayers i' Robin Crusoe as was ever writ i' t' prayer buik."

The crowd of villagers murmured assent. There was a spell in the marvelous accomplishment of reading aloud which could surely drive away anything of uncanny intention. So Parson's Joe read on to the end of the chapter, and then put away the book with restored complacency. In his long years of service at the rectory, perhaps, it was no wonder that he had imbibed "pagan prejudices."

The storm that was like no other storm ever seen or heard in the North Riding, was at its height when Mistress Kezia awoke. She sat up in the depths of her huge four-post bed, and pushed back her night-cap to listen. Not satisfied, she arose and went to

the window, drawing back the cotton blind, and looking out over the bare branches of the rambler. There she saw what Antony saw as he stood on the hilltop above, but it never occurred to Mistress Kezia that the last great trump would shortly sound. There was not even a thrill of horror through her being as she noted the narrow escape of the rectory. It did but confirm her own suspicion.

"'Tis the judgment of Almighty God upon Roger Tratham for joining the Methodists," she said aloud.

Martin Cattermole had come home singing a Methodist hymn, and his mistress had told him she had rather seen him drunk. In answer to which he had hastened to inform her that his companion had been Roger Tratham.

Mistress Kezia stepped across the landing and opened Lucy's door. The girl was lying full in the moonlight, all her brown hair about her on the pillow. She looked very young and helpless, and even in her sleep great sobs escaped her now and then. Lucy had cried until she was worn out, and now she slept because she was very young, and for the time being nature had taken away her desolation. Mistress Kezia shaded the candle, and bent over her niece. She looked at her long, and marked the tear-stains on her cheek, the attitude of misery in which she had thrown herself down. If Lucy had suddenly opened her eyes, she would not have recognized the tender ones above her as belonging to Mistress Kezia Saxton. But once, long before, on the Border, Kezia

had loved and lost a Jacobite soldier who went over the water with Charlie.

"Bairn, bairn," muttered the old woman who had grown hard in a cold world, "there'll come a day when ye'll smile at yer ain folly, but ye wouldna believe it the noo. That fule Roger's turning Methodist is at bottom o' this, I'll warrant. Lucy has a heart leal to her ain in spite o' her whimsies."

The girl stirred in her sleep and then suddenly sat upright. She looked at the weird figure of her aunt in night attire, with a dazed and distant expression, as if she saw her through a mist. Then suddenly the agony of recollection came to her, but yet she did not realize Mistress Kezia's presence.

"Oh, is it true?" she moaned aloud, rocking herself to and fro.

"True enough," answered her aunt curtly. "All the countryside'll be here before morning. Who'd a thought I should live to see Black Hambleton torn in two."

"Why—what has happened?" cried Lucy, now fully awake. No sound had penetrated the slumber into which she had sunk exhausted.

"Happened?" cried Mistress Kezia. "Are you deaf, bairn? Why, the whole cliffside of Black Hambleton is torn clean away from itself. There's been an earthquake, or something parlous like it. The rectory's but standing tottering on the edge of a precipice."

"Oh!" Lucy looked at her aunt with eyes of dread. "Is Roger safe?" she cried aloud.

"Roger!" Mistress Kezia's voice contained a con-

centration of contempt. "This is a judgment on the Methodists," she exclaimed with a firm snap of her lips.

"Oh, Aunt Kezia," asked Lucy tremulously, "may we not go and see what is happening?"

"As you like, bairn," was the casual answer. But Mistress Kezia secretly longed to reconnoiter the scene of action. Very soon, muffled in hoods and shawls, the two women were making their way down the ragged lane from Windygarth, watched enviously from a tiny window under the roof by Molly and Sukey Cattermole.

## CHAPTER XIV

Come back again, my olden heart,  
Ah! fickle spirit, and untrue,  
I bade the only guide depart,  
Whose faithfulness I surely knew,  
I said: "My heart is all too soft;  
He who would climb and soar aloft  
Must needs keep ever at his side  
The tonic of a wholesome pride."  
—*A. H. Clough.*

It was a dark and lurid scene upon which Lucy gazed from the foot of Black Hambleton. Moving lanterns flickered here and there, and now and then a torch flared. Most of the villagers had reached the spot, but the upheaval of the earth had stopped. Uncanny noises had died away; the impressive mystery of the silence that succeeded was felt even by the country folk, though their dread of the last day was passing away. Lucy stood among the newly raised hillocks and masses of rock which yesterday had been a fair and level pasture. She had never been introspective, but as she looked about her she seemed to be standing in a place of graves. And in her young, self-willed sorrow she thought it a picture of her own heart. She looked up at the perilous position in which the rectory now stood. By the unsteady light of two or three lanterns men were already endeavoring to prop up the remaining ground with planks of timber, and anything upon which they

could lay their hands, in order to save the house. Roger was directing them, and Lucy could hear his voice and see his lithe young figure silhouetted against the sky. Her heart went out to him in longing, but she hardened it and turned away.

Half an hour passed, and then an hour without anything untoward happening, and the people of Garth began to go back to their beds or to the work that awaited them at dawn. Lucy had grown almost too weary to stand, but she would not suggest a retreat, for Mistress Kezia stood still and severe, with folded hands, and knit brow, waiting for a further judgment upon the Methodists. A distant streak of pearl in the sky behind the moorland proclaimed the heralding of dawn, when Lucy found Antony beside her. He had been doing his part in the saving of the rectory.

"You here, bairn?" he remonstrated tenderly. "You should be in your bed. Eh! but God has sent us a fearsome lesson."

"'Tis a judgment on the Methodists—and on Roger Tratham," pronounced Mistress Kezia firmly.

"Nay—say not so, Kezia," replied the old dreamer gently. "'Tis a love message, but perchance Garth needed sic a fearsome one. It behoves us to watch—and to pray."

It was very seldom that Antony revealed even so much of his inner thought to his sister-in-law. She turned on him with contempt. "Ye're a Methodist yourself," she said scornfully, "n' easy frightened."

"Nay, Kezia," replied the old man, humbly. "I dinna aspire to be anything save what I am, except

something better like Him I would fain follow; and my thoughts about that are nothing new."

"You are just a dear old dreamer, Uncle Antony. Take me home, will you?" whispered Lucy, breaking in upon his words. She did not stop to analyze their meaning. She was only conscious of a stubborn satisfaction in the fact that he had not avowed himself a Methodist.

At that moment she heard another voice speaking at her elbow. "May I take you home, Lucy?" it said, and the longing that vibrated through it thrilled her.

She turned and looked at Roger's dark face as he had sometimes seen her look at other people, but as he had never thought to see her look at him.

"I do not seek the protection of Methodists," she said, in a voice clear and cool as a mountain stream. "My uncle will attend me, I thank you."

She turned away with a proud face but a willful heart that yet was breaking. She had burned her boats now. She had severed the golden thread that forms an invisible link of charm between two personalities. She had done it with a deliberate and brutal hand that left no room for doubt.

It is the prerogative of a woman's heart to make its own intangible misery, but the stab of a self-inflicted wound is no less keen because the sword is not in the hand of another.

Roger Tratham stood for a few seconds gazing after Lucy with eyes that refused to believe what they saw, while her words echoed again and again in his hearing. The deep blue eyes, shy and dewy with



tenderness, that had looked into his through the dusk about Greymire earlier in the same eternal night, had turned from him cold as a stranger's glance. Could it be love that would thus treat him because he had cast in his lot with an unpopular people? Roger's nature was built along simple lines. He had little experience of women, and none of the pride that will keep a rash vow at all cost. He had put his hand to the plow, and it did not occur to him to draw back. But as he climbed the cliff to the rectory the pain that crept deeper into his heart was the certainty that Lucy could never have loved him. Had he been in her place, it would have needed a mighty army of Methodists to attempt to stand between them. A note of bitterness sounded in the depth of Roger's soul.

That same night of the catastrophe at Black Hambleton silence reigned as usual in the precincts of Saint Ruth's. The ghost of Brother Ambrose was no more, but eerie whispers still lingered to haunt the woods about the Lady Chapel. They came oftentime from the rustle of a fox or the stir of a partridge's wing, but in that place of past and present secrets they seemed charged with sinister meaning. When early dusk fell the shutters were as usual put up at the mullioned windows of John Addington's habitation. They were old and mossy. Their hinges were giving way. In several places their wide cracks had been mended with unsightly pieces of board nailed over the aperture in careless fashion. But such as they were, they served as a provision to shut out the night.

As darkness fell more deeply, figures began to approach the long gray front of Saint Ruth's and to be admitted silently by one of the foreign servants, after the cautious exchange of passwords. These figures did not come upon horseback, although they were men who bore in their clothing and person the stamp of country gentry. They crept through the woods surreptitiously, or stole softly up the deeply rutted lanes. At length they ceased to appear, though still about Saint Ruth's there was an atmosphere of expectancy. And through the closely shuttered window, where only a faint ray of light gleamed, came a murmur of men's voices, now rising into passion, now hushed into the silence of alarm.

Suddenly, far away on the great north road, came the sound of a horse's hoofs. Regularly they rose and fell, muffled in the hollows, ringing clearly on the hill, until they reached the lane to Saint Ruth's, and there became invisible in the soft ruts of recent rains. A powerful man was on the horse's back—a man who wore a slouched hat and a cloak over his wide-skirted coat that suggested a highwayman. Yet there was something in his appearance that spoke strangely of the priest. When the moment came for him to dismount under the trees nobody had heard his horse's tread across the turf, and he frowned slightly as he threw the bridle over his arm. Then he approached the lighted window and stood on tiptoe beneath it. By clinging to the mulioned sill he found he could look through a crack in the shutter, though it enabled him to see but little of the large room within. He strained his ears

for a sound of words and tones, but could not catch their meaning. He turned away disappointed, for he was one of those who distrust their friends. Then raising his riding whip, he gave three heavy blows upon the shutter before the window. They echoed fatefully through the night and there was a sudden stir in the room. Almost immediately a servant appeared to take the horse and lead the stranger within. He was ushered into the paneled room where John Addington had made his home, and every man seated at the oak table rose at his approach, though some of them glanced at him with furtive dislike.

There were many faces familiar in the North Riding gathered about that table. Some of them represented families that were openly Jacobite in sympathy. Some were there whose outward walk differed from their secret way. All bore about them an atmosphere of secrecy, and had taken pains to so attire themselves as to avoid recognition. The stranger laid aside his outer garb, and with it not only his three-cornered hat, but the curled wig tied with a wide, black ribbon. And then there stood revealed the tonsured head of a priest. John Addington knelt to receive his blessing, and his example was followed by those of the company who were Romanists by choice and in secret. They were all conspirators against a ruling king, and lovers of an older regime, but many of them were staunch Protestants and looked askance at this proceeding. The newcomer was an important emissary of the Pretender, and a statesman and cleric high in favor

with His Holiness the Pope, and more than one foreign court. He was accustomed to deal with human nature, and he was accustomed to be obeyed. But he was not accustomed to Yorkshiremen, and he frowned as his penetrating, sweeping glance took in the hostility written on some faces before him.

With an air of hurry, for he had no time to spare in his journey southward, the priest asked for details of the rising in favor of Charles Edward that was being planned on the Yorkshire moorland. John Addington opened a sheaf of papers written in cipher and spread them out before him. All present rose, and with solemn significance took the oath of allegiance to the king over the water. And then the details of a deep-laid scheme were discussed.

When the nights were long, upon a given date at midsummer, there was to be a simultaneous rising of every Jacobite in the North Riding. Across the hills they were to march to Newcastle and hold it for Charles until he could join them with an army of foreign soldiers. These details were to be carried back to their quondam prince by the priestly stranger. The plot had been hatched and fostered under cover of ghostly mystery within the old walls of Saint Ruth's, and was due to the leadership of John Addington. The secret conclave broke up, and each member stole away across the moorland until the solitary tenant of the priory and his guest were left alone. After many a proposition had been discussed, and laid aside, the stranger looked across at his host.

"And this neighborhood—what or whom is its

chief danger to the cause? 'Tis a wild and lonely spot as any in England, and this old priory a fitting place for Jacobite refugees. Are the gentry true hereabouts?"

"An' it please you, father, there is one man, Master Roger Tratham, son of the vicar of Garth, who is a dangerous enemy to the cause. He is a stanch adherent of the House of Hanover. It was concerning him that I wrote you—he discovered my plan for keeping away the countryside."

Over John Addington's lean face crept the look of personal hatred and his eyes burned like coals. The Jesuit did not fail to mark the fleeting expression as he stroked his chin and apparently reflected upon what he had heard. It gave him the assurance that John Addington would stop at nothing, so he did not hesitate to urge desperate methods.

"Is there no way of getting his person into your power when the time comes?" asked the priest, fixing long, narrow eyes on the man opposite.

"There may be," said John Addington, grimly, with an inward determination that there should be. Personal revenge upon Roger would be sweeter even than the restoration of the Stuarts.

"Then let there be." The stranger spoke in a voice that expected obedience and John Addington bowed with the submission that was making him great in his Order. Its decrees had yet to come in contact with the man's will.

Only a faint and distant rumbling proclaimed the uncanny happenings across the moorland at Black Hambleton, as the stranger rode away before day-

light came. He listened to them startled, as did John Addington, but they died away unexplained. As he went across the valley with his back to the moors the priest was too great a stranger to note the altered face of the cliff. Perchance it appeared next morning as an omen of evil to John Addington. But both were sure of their own success and professedly took no count of omens. And neither would then have reckoned as serious a force called love that will find out a way.

## CHAPTER XV

He who bends to himself a joy,  
Does the winged life destroy:  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

If you trap the moment before it's ripe,  
The tears of repentance you'll certainly  
wipe;

But if once you let the ripe moment go,  
You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

—*Blake.*

SEVERAL days passed uneventfully at Windygarth after that March night, but Roger did not come near and Lucy heard no tidings of him. She began to be very angry, for she had fully expected him to make another attempt to see her. But he had taken her absolutely at her word, with all the finality of inexperience. If Methodism formed a barrier between them, it was one that he could not overstep, but up in the old rectory his days were desolate. Yet he turned with a deeper and more real apprehension to the new gift of faith that lay like a narrow pathway of gold across the dark valley that he was treading. It opened up a wider channel into an infinite region beyond. But even into that radiant place he was loath to go without Lucy. As the beautiful makes one cry out for love, so does love cause a craving for the highest.

The evenings were growing light and long now,

and April had come to the moorland. Anemones danced adown the woods on their fragile stems like shy elves. There was a faint scent of primroses under every hedge and tassels hung from the larches. On one of these first April evenings Lucy was wandering lonely beside Greymire, idly watching the satin sheaths of willow catkins bursting from gray to gold. She looked at them reflectively. Since her week in the city of York she had learned to make pictures of things. She wondered where lay the ball of gold within the gray sheath of her own present life. Her steps led her unconsciously up to the moorland and soon she was approaching Goody Dawe's cottage. It was growing dusk, and a light streamed through the window—a greater illumination than Goody Dawe was wont to show. And as Lucy drew near she heard the sound of singing. She stopped short, amazed at the lusty voices of the dales, and then their meaning dawned on her. It was Wednesday, and the weekly Methodist class meeting was being held in Goody Dawe's kitchen. Curiosity seized Lucy to see what a class meeting was like. She had heard many conflicting rumors concerning it—one that it was a Methodist confessional, one that its members had all their worldly goods in common. She smiled to herself at the notion of Goody Dawe revealing the contents of her coffers to the gossips of Garth. The singing ceased, and Lucy crept up to the window. Its cotton blind was drawn, but underneath it Lucy gained a full view of the interior, and what she saw amazed her more than a little. The loom in the corner was si-



lent. The kitchen wore its most orderly aspect. Only the ticking of the old clock and the leap of a flame on the hearth were in common with its usual appearance. It was a democratic company and Lucy's lip curled until she fell back startled at what she saw.

Goody Dawe was seated at the table, her clumsy horn spectacles lying on the open pages of her Bible. She wore a spotless apron and mob cap, and her keen old face was shining. Evidently, Mr. Wesley had appointed her the first leader of the little community. Upon her right hand sat Antony Saxton, the candlelight touching his silver hair into a halo. An exclamation of distress rose to Lucy's lips, but she stifled it hastily. Was Uncle Antony, after all, one of the Methodists? She glanced at the man who sat next to him. Did she not know him well? A gleam of irrepressible fun roused her dimples as she recognized Martin Cattermole's solemn and simple visage.

"Truly, 'tis a goodly company," she whispered.

There were one or two more of the villagers seated about the kitchen; but just as Lucy's curiosity was dying away she caught sight of a dark, lithe figure in the inglenook. The next moment Roger Tratham had risen from his seat and come out into the candlelight. He stood leaning against the old oaken door, his dark, gypsy face revealed. He was attired in very plain dress, and there were no lace ruffles at his wrists, but the spell that his presence always wove about Lucy's heart had taken a new and deeper charm in spite of his surroundings.

"'Tis not much I have to say, Goody," he began, humbly. "I am but a beginner and I fain would learn from you and Master Antony. It's just a text that I would say to you, for in it lies the answer to all I could never understand. 'Twas Mr. Wesley showed it to me: 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.' For many a year I've been trying to save my own soul, to do without faith. I am here to say that faith is not a thing to understand but a love gift from God—a token to hearts."

His voice ceased. It seemed to Lucy that he looked straight at her. If he had come out upon the darkening moorland then and taken her in his arms, she would have confessed her own passionate love for him, and clung to him for evermore. But he did not come, and Lucy could only look at him through the cottage window, and across the gulf of Methodism which she herself had digged. Presently Lucy became aware that her uncle was speaking, but his old, sweet voice had often uttered his thoughts to her. There was nothing new in his attitude of humility.

"My love to God," he said, "has been frequently like a bird upon the wing. It was desire in motion—but now it has become like a bird upon the nest. The kingdom of heaven has come into my soul."

The dreamer's thin face shone with a radiance not of earth. For the first time Lucy noted how old and worn and frail he looked, and a great fear stabbed her heart. She had been blind in her young affection

for him. She had thought he would always be there. But tonight in the blue eyes that were those of a mystic, and yet of a child, she thought she saw written the fact that he was indeed near to the kingdom of heaven. And there swept across her vision a picture of Windygarth with Uncle Antony's place empty. She turned from it hastily and listened to Goody Dawe's words which came next.

"Aye, sir," said the old woman. "Seeams te me lahke as if t' kingdom of heaven wer ommaist in wer midst. It coometh not wi' observaation but it cooms fur sure whether i' t' tempest on t' muirland or i' t' still small voice. Ah's eerd it ardlins abune a whisper i' this owd kitchen laätela. Time was when a's seen soom fearsome creatures 'ere as nobbut showed theirselves te uthers. But laätela ah've only seed aängels."

"Praise the Lord," ejaculated an old woman, but Martin Cattermole looked over his shoulder. His faith in Methodism was too recent to have undermined his inherent fear of witches.

"Ah want te ask Master Antony a question," came in the voice of a laboring youth who sat in the chimney corner, and who had not yet joined the people called Methodists.

"Ask on, laddie," returned the old dreamer. "But ah dinna ken as ah can answer ye." Like most of his kind even today Master Antony used the vernacular when he spoke to the village.

"What is God, sir?" asked the young man, bluntly.

The old dreamer clasped his hands tremulously.

The very truth of peace and surety made his face radiant.

"God is LOVE," he almost shouted, triumphantly.

Lucy dropped upon the moorland and buried her face in her hands. She did not know whether she wept, or whether she prayed. She did not even recognize the trend of her heart's deepest feeling. She only knew that she had caught an irrevocable whisper of the truth and tenderness of God, and that she hated the Methodists no longer. It seemed to her that she sat for a long time in the violet dusk of spring, unconscious of her own feelings though vividly conscious of what had passed. She was aroused by the sound of singing, and she sprang to her feet. What if Roger came out and found her there, eavesdropping at the Methodist class meeting? She ran with fleet feet over the turf, until she turned the corner that led to Greymire. There she paused for breath and as she did so became aware that she had overtaken someone walking slowly. He turned and faced her and in the fading light she saw that it was John Addington.

"Good e'en to you, Mistress Lucy," he said, sweeping her a low bow. "'Tis late for you to be abroad alone."

"I am on my way to Windygarth, and I must hurry, sir," she replied, striving to pass him unconcernedly.

"Not so fast, my pretty maiden. Those that linger in the dark must expect company. And I want a word with you."

Lucy looked at the Jacobite haughtily. "I do not understand you, sir. Kindly allow me to pass," she said.

"Oh, yes, you do." John Addington's temper was rising. "You remember what I told you for the sake of auld lang syne. Lucy Saxton's daughter, and the wearer of that amethyst cross, would not refuse me an interview."

"Indeed, sir," cried Lucy, "I would you had not told me, for 'tis a secret that has been something burdensome, and gives rise to false impressions."

The priest's eyes were reproachful as he listened to her words.

"Your mother turned away from me, Lucy, and—you—would refuse me the scant comfort that life has left me."

He watched her very narrowly as he spoke. It was evident that his words touched her heart, though she instinctively recoiled from him.

"What comfort?" asked Lucy, dubiously, and looking straight at her companion.

"The comfort of speaking of the older Lucy, to one who knows me for what I am."

His assumption of frankness disarmed Lucy, though she did not understand his smile. In her corner of the earth she had not met those who make merchandise of an old affection.

"You mean—"

"I mean a son of the one true church—the church of which I would fain see you an obedient daughter—the church to which your mother was drawn very near before she died."

"Never," exclaimed Lucy, starting away. "My mother was almost a Methodist. Uncle Antony has told me so."

She had hated the fact, but now she spoke it in triumph. John Addington pressed his thin lips together and slowly shook his head.

"I was with your mother in her evil days, Lucy."

"But Uncle Antony was with her when she died."

John Addington's face grew stern. "The old Methodist has deceived you, child," he said. "Did not your mother herself hang that cross about your neck?"

Lucy laughed—a mirthless laugh—and looked at her mother's old lover indifferently. "'Tis useless to tell me that Uncle Antony has practiced deceit," she said.

The priest saw that he had struck a wrong note but he quickened his footsteps to keep pace with Lucy's. He did not mean to leave her yet.

"If you would only hearken to me, Mistress Lucy," he said, "instead of avoiding me on all occasions, you might do a service to one who loves you—to one—may I say?—whom you love."

She turned her long neck haughtily. "You forget yourself, sir," she said, but her voice trembled.

"Danger threatens him," was all that John Addington replied.

"What mean you? If danger threaten Roger Tratham, 'tis in the person of yourself."

The moment she had spoken Lucy saw that she had confirmed the priest's suspicion, and acknowl-

edged Roger as her lover. She saw John Addington smile, and her anger grew furious.

"Leave me," she cried, imperiously.

"One moment." Her companion seized her hand, and held it fast in spite of her struggles. But she did not hear his next words. Involuntarily she had looked up to the moorland path. Someone was coming slowly toward them with eyes fixed upon herself. It was Roger. He had seen her standing in the darkness close to John Addington's side.

"Go," she said miserably, with a gesture of despair.

John Addington laughed harshly. "You will repent this, mistress," he said, and, turning on his heel, disappeared.

There are backward calendars in most of our lives with crosses of different colors to mark the days. There was always to be a black one against this night in Lucy's.

## CHAPTER XVI

If in this shadowland of life thou hast  
Found one true heart to love thee, hold it fast,  
Love it again, give all to make it thine  
For love—like nothing in the world, can last.

—Omar Khayyam. Translation by Richard  
Le Gallienne.

"MAY I speak to you for a moment, sir?"

The old rector looked up from his annotations of Homer to see his son Roger framed in the doorway. He peered at him curiously as he began to polish his spectacles, as if Roger were a strange specimen of life from another sphere. And indeed so he was to his father.

"What is it, my son?" asked the old man, blandly. "Has the carrier brought mails from Oxford?"

"No, father." Roger found it difficult to proceed. He stood among the worn brown books tapping his foot with a riding whip. There was nothing else in the rector's study save a table littered with papers and a high-backed chair or two. The spreading moorland without the windows was the only thing of beauty. But the vicar never glanced consciously toward the moors. His eyes were turned inward upon Homer. They strayed back now to the page before him, as Roger did not speak, and a sudden, helpless impatience seized the son that his father was so slow to help him. Roger's was a sensitive



nature, quick to feel every impression, yet slow to answer except where he was understood.

"I have come to tell you something, father," he said at length. "I—I have decided to take orders."

"Yes?" His father spoke inquiringly, still polishing the shining glasses. He thought that he had sent Roger to Oxford with that intention.

"When I came home—that was not my ambition," continued Roger.

"But it was mine," said his father, calmly. He had clasped his hands now and was looking at his son with exemplary patience. Roger winced.

"Would you have made me a minister against my will, sir?" he asked, gently.

"It is my desire that you take this living at my death," said the rector. "It is, as you know, in my own gift."

"I am ready to do your will, father, now"—Roger's voice was humble—"because—because I have become a believer. I should wish to be an ordained minister, and to preach to my own old friends. There is a great work on the moorland—but I should also wish to be a Methodist—a friend and follower of John Wesley in word and deed."

The old rector was polishing his spectacles again and shaking his long, white locks. "Master Wesley was a promising lad—a promising lad," he said, slowly. And then he took up his new quill pen and bent gloatingly over Homer. The society of the Greeks was more familiar to him than that of the people called Methodists. Roger looked at him for a long moment and turned to go.

"Then you approve my decision, father?" he said, with his hand on the door.

"Eh—what?—Oh, you are there yet, Roger? Decision? The decision was made when you were in your cradle."

The study door closed with a sound that was a distant relative to a bang, and Roger went away to his waiting horse. In another week he was to return to Oxford for a last fleeting visit before leaving it altogether and these were trying days of unsettled occupation and separation from Lucy.

Mistress Kezia's nocturnal adventures had resulted in a very unusual development. She had taken a severe chill and was confined to her bed, where she lay fuming, and fretting, against life in general, and her own conduct in particular. This came, she said, of a decent body keeping indecent hours.

But as she lay still and unoccupied her keen eyes noted a change in Lucy. The wayward willfulness, the longing for life, had suddenly and strangely disappeared. The girl sat quietly by her bedside and seemed loath to leave her alone. Surely patience was at last becoming an attribute of Lucy. And now that such a desired quality was dawning in her niece, Mistress Kezia began to be uneasy. She longed to hear the gay voice, and the peals of laughter that she had often condemned. She even considered in her own mind whether she should take counsel again with Antony.

From the window of her aunt's bedroom Lucy watched Roger ride away toward the south. She

thought he never glanced toward Windygarth. She did not know that it was all he could do to pass the steep, ragged lane that led to the old homestead. But his heart was too sore for another rebuff. And his belief in Lucy was too great for him not to have taken her at her word. She was unalterable in her young decisions. She would never marry a Methodist. And then a great dread assailed him. Why had she stood in such apparently close and intimate conversation with the Jacobite stranger in the moorland dusk? Roger put spurs to his horse and tried to ride away from his heart. But care kept an even pace with him all the way. And Lucy, as she listened to his horse's receding footsteps dying into silence far away in the quiet valley, turned again to her vigil beside Mistress Kezia's bed. She told herself with all the hopelessness of twenty years that henceforth her life would be always desolate and she herself had made it so. With a long sigh she realized that she might live to be very old.

When evening came she took her sunbonnet and went to look for Antony. She had rather neglected him of late, but his was a friendship which she could always turn and take up where she had laid it down. She found him down on the border of Greymire among the golden willow branches reading not Malory this time but his old, worn Testament. She sat down beside him and laying her arm on his shoulder, put her head down on it.

"I'm very unhappy," she said, and her lip quivered. Now that Roger was far away her pride had indeed broken down.

"You, dearie—Lucy unhappy—what is the matter, my bairn?" Uncle Antony laid down his book at once and turned to her with that unerring sympathy which is a gift from heaven. Its reward is the bearing of many burdens, but also the love of those who once carried them.

"Roger—Roger is angry with me. He has gone away without saying good-by, and—and—it is my own fault," burst out Lucy, with a great sob. "Oh, Uncle Antony—don't tell anyone—but—but—I love him so."

The old dreamer said nothing. Lucy's pink sun-bonnet had fallen to the ground, and he turned and stroked her hair. There was something magnetic in his old, tender touch, and presently her sobs ceased.

Then the old man whispered: "And Roger loves you, Lucy."

Lucy shook her head. "Not now, Uncle Antony. I've killed his love," she said, bitterly.

In spite of the tragedy of her tone Antony laughed. "Think ye so, bairnie?" he said, and his voice was confident. "Oh—" He paused. He could find no words of his own to express the immensity of the truth that filled his soul. So he spoke in the words of a sweet singer who lived in ancient days, but who has proved to us the unchangeable nature of human passion. "Many waters cannot quench love," he repeated, softly, "neither can the floods drown it."

"But coldness might fright it away," said Lucy, with the wisdom that love had given her. She clasped her hands about her knees and looked across dusky Greymire.

"Coldness of heart—true—but yours is not cold, Lucy," said Uncle Antony, speaking with decision.

"Roger thinks it is," said Lucy, drearily.

"Does he? But Roger is coming back again." Old Antony's smile was whimsical. "Eh! bairn, you are not the first maid who has cried because her lover has taken her at her word, nor is Roger the first man who has ridden away only to come back again."

"But Roger—is different from other people," whispered Lucy in a proud, shy voice.

"Aye—so are all sweethearts—to one another and all those who are young to themselves. 'Tis as we grow older that we learn how ordinary we are—how much like those who came before us—and yet—and yet—we also learn that there is a loneliness about every one of us that nobody else can break. Life is a lonely thing, after all, even for those who love—but that helps."

It was a long speech for Antony the dreamer, and Lucy did not hear it all. She was looking into her own heart and trying to gain a glimpse of Roger's. She was wishing she could summon enough courage to tell the old man by her side that she no longer hated the Methodists. It was a new sensation for Lucy to feel diffidence like this.

The old, bent figure of Martin Cattermole came down the hill behind them. He was evidently in search of his master, who rose to go. Antony laid his hand upon Lucy's shoulder as he did so and she noticed for the second time how it trembled, and

how sharply defined his fine old features were growing.

"You are tired, Uncle Antony," she said.

"A little, Lucy—a little, bairn. Life grows tiring at seventy-five."

"But you are not tired of life," cried Lucy, looking up at him imploringly.

"Life has been very beautiful to me. It is not less beautiful because it is tired. Sunset is the tired part of the day—and the loveliest."

"Oh, Uncle Antony—don't you leave me." Lucy held him fast.

He bent and stroked her cheek. "Not while you need me, little one," he said, and turned to climb the zigzag path.

Left alone, Lucy could not see the silver sheen of Greymire for a more silver veil of tears. Night was fast coming down upon the lake and wrapping it in mystery. Already only the edge of a ripple proclaimed the farther shore. The wide valley was down in the dark. Light only lingered on the moorland.

Lucy suddenly rose to her feet and did a strange thing. She went down to the edge of the water and stood there silently. The words that Antony had said to her were surging through her mind. "Many waters cannot quench love. Neither can the floods drown it." But there were other words that she remembered written in the same chapter. "Set me as a seal upon thine heart." Had she been that to Roger? "Love is strong as death." In a vague and yearning fashion she knew that to be true. Then

came the words that haunted her. "Jealousy is cruel as the grave. The coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame."

With a swift, passionate movement Lucy put her hand into the bosom of her flowered gown and drew out the amethyst cross. She looked for a moment at its delicate workmanship, its exquisite Old World setting. Then raising her hand, she cast it from her, throwing it far over the darkening water. She listened but she heard no splash. The cross was of little weight.

It was her mother's gift to her—the only gift that a broken heart had to leave. But it was also the sign manual of her own relation to a man whom she hated and feared, whose words had menaced her lover, whose actions were a dread to her friends. As Lucy looked down at the empty chain about her neck she felt that she had rid herself of a yoke. In some indescribable way she imagined that she had broken down a part of the barrier between her life and Roger's. She felt that she had done something, however futile, to annul the significance of John Addington's words on the moor. Yet they came back to her fearfully, as she, too, climbed the zig-zag path. What was the secret of John Addington's life at Saint Ruth's? What was the danger that menaced Roger?

The dawn of April was barely primrose in the sky next morning, when a wandering peddler came over the moor, and down to the border of Greymire. He had been tramping through the darksome night in order to attend to his business in the village by

day. He threw himself down under the budding trees for a brief sleep before his day began. But as he did so something caught his observant eye in a bush of willow, between him and the lake. It sparkled in a fork of the branch and he saw that it was a glittering jewel. With an eager, careful hand he detached it and looked in amazement at the deep violet of a wondrous amethyst cross. Then with a smile at his own good fortune he wrapped it in a silken scarf and hid it safely about his way-worn person.



## CHAPTER XVII

When I rose and saw the dawn  
I sighed for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree—  
And the weary day turned to her rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee.—*Shelley.*

As Roger pursued his way to Oxford the vision of Lucy was always by his side. He saw her face in the first cowslip springing under the hedge. The delicate green of early beech leaves brought her back to him. Every maiden that he saw in passing villages was but a foil to Lucy. As the miles multiplied between them he began to repent of his attitude. Distance lends a clear insight to one's own action that usually forms anything but an enchantment. This uncomfortable revelation began to be Roger's. Bitterly he repented that he had taken Lucy at her word, and once or twice he would fain have gone back again. But something whispered to him that a month hence Lucy would receive him with a sweeter grace than ever before. And though he was half afraid to trust the whisper, it appeared to be mysteriously confirmed.

He had ridden far on his journey southward, and his horse was growing tired. Day was nearly done when he paused beside a wayside pond to give the animal a drink. Its head was bent over the water,

the reins were slack upon its neck, and Roger, sitting straight in the saddle, had sunk into a reverie. Suddenly a vision of Greymire came to him—a vision of the lake behind Windygarth as it lay in the April dusk. And down by the margin of the rushes he seemed to see Lucy sitting with all the proud coyness gone and weeping in the twilight for loneliness and love of him. Surely the force of two great desires had drawn their souls together.

It did not take Roger many days to wind up his affairs at Oxford or to make the necessary arrangements for the calling he had chosen. As soon as formalities allowed it was his father's desire that he should become his curate. Then the old rector would be able to give himself soul and body to Homer. But when Roger turned his face northward again, his first destination was York. And his hope there was to meet the Methodists. It was high June when he reached the old city. A great exhilaration seized him as he saw its towers coming upon the horizon and the sunlight of summer's revel burnishing its uneven roofs. The monks' meadows beside the river were gold with buttercups. Sonorous chimes were floating out through the drowsy noon. A modest inn in Coney Street was Roger's favorite lodging. From the wide window in its projecting gable he could watch the life of the quaint old city that still is haunted by England's past. As he stood there waiting until a meal was ready he looked down into the narrow thoroughfare and saw a familiar figure. Walking slowly down Coney Street with one of his preachers was none other than John Wesley.

"Mr. Wesley," said Roger to himself, in delight. "I wonder if he preaches in the minster today. 'Tis truly fortunate that I should just have happened here."

And when the bells rang for evensong, Roger was one of those who crossed the minster yard and took his seat in the silent spaces of the most impressive nave in England. As he did so a thought crossed his mind. Would it ever be his duty and delight to preach under these arches of stone and poetry? He feared not, and the barrier would be his love of the lowly Methodists.

Mr. Wesley did not occupy the pulpit. Instead the preacher was one whose home was on the other side of Black Hambleton but whose reputation had spread far beyond Coxwold. Several members of the congregation rose and left the cathedral rather than listen to Laurence Sterne, but Roger kept his seat until the conclusion of the service, and pondered long upon the devious ways of thought in his country and generation. When Roger came out of the minster again he stood upon the steps below the western door, wondering where he should find Mr. Wesley. At the bottom of the steps, two choristers had their heads together over a paper they were reading, and in the pauses of their bursts of laughter Roger caught its trend. It was a rhyme that was going round the city, and that rumor had declared to be written by the mistress of a fashionable boarding school. It was evident that Methodism had no prestige here.

Come, leave your vocations, never mind your relations,  
Let children go beg or cease eating;  
Don't mind your affairs; come, abandon your cares,  
Come, come to the Methodist meeting.  
A stone cutter leads, a barber succeeds,  
The third is a clergyman's servant—  
The fourth beats the drum, and his call is, Come,  
come,  
And he makes better pay than his sergeant,  
Without ordination they assume the high station  
And boast of the errand they're sent on;  
But the Pope, and the devil, have signed their com-  
mission,  
And surely will pay them their pension.

These words reached Roger as he descended the cathedral steps. He seized one of the choristers by the little white frill under his chubby chin, and the boy looked up with a scared face. But there was a twinkle in Roger's eye and his fear subsided.

"Can you tell me where the Methodists held their meeting, boy?" asked Roger.

"Aye, sir, in the Bedern—'tis just across the way under that arch to the left. And Mr. Wesley is there tonight.

It was evident that Methodism aroused interest, if it also called for scorn.

Roger turned in the direction indicated, and presently found himself in one of York's most curiously ancient corners. Almost under the shadow of the mighty minster, the Methodists had found an abiding place within the sacred Saxon precincts of the Bedern, whose name means a place of prayer. Here was once the residence of the vicar's choral, until Reformation days. No woman was admitted then

within the precincts of the Bedern. But as a place where Wesley and his preachers taught it became a home of woman's prayer.

Roger stole softly to the door of the crowded room, and crept quietly within. A love feast had been in progress for some time, and every head was bowed. Upon the table beside which knelt Mr. Wesley was a large basket of broken bread, and two quaint cups of water. This was the sign of fellowship in which every member had taken part with the solemnity of a sacrament. Roger found an unoccupied seat by the side of a young and gray-gowned woman who knelt absorbed in the prayer that Mr. Wesley was offering. Her face was downcast, and delicate, and from under her long lashes slow tears were dropping upon the kerchief about her throat. Presently, when the magnetic voice of the leader ceased, she began to pray, and her passionate outpouring was for the conversion of another. Roger gathered that this was the niece of the woman who had written the burlesque rhyme. In the minster yard he had smiled at its words. But now he saw with some wonder that they were agony to the gray-gowned Methodist. He wondered whether anything that he had ever written at Oxford had led to an agony.

There was an intense silence in the low-ceiled room when the girl's voice ceased. Moments passed, and a quivering thrill of emotion passed through the company. It was as if an invisible spirit were present everywhere. Roger breathed hard, and there came upon him the certainty that something was

about to happen. His eyes were drawn to the windows that looked out into the Bedern. All the glass had been broken in the many panes by former raiders on the Methodists. As Roger looked out into the darkness of the narrow street a pair of eyes looked suddenly straight into his—narrow, crafty, cruel eyes under a shock of black hair. They rose above the window sill and Roger saw a line of thin lips. Then, still coldly and furtively fixed upon him, they deliberately disappeared. Roger attached little importance to this incident, save that the sinister face haunted him because in it lay something familiar. He was an absolute stranger in the city of York, and he knew no reason why any should seek him out. Yet he could not forget the face that was so obviously looking for him.

The silent awe was passing slowly from the little community of Methodists. It was an evidence in the reality of their faith. It found voice in the solemn words that John Wesley uttered before he raised his head.

"We praise thee, oh God, we acknowledge thee to be Lord." It was the cry of every man and woman present, and many a heart echoed it. John Wesley rose slowly to his feet and stood among them—a little man with quickly silvering hair, but with a power in his personality whose force was felt by them all. He opened his lips to speak, but before he could utter a word there came a great blow upon the door of the room, and a dozen furious faces appeared at the windows. There was the sound of a

crash, and a fall, and stones began to fly about the meeting room.

Roger had barely time to place himself hurriedly between the gray-gowned Methodist girl, and the windows whence they came, before a sharp edged flint struck him full on the arm, tearing his dark blue riding coat and grazing and bruising his elbow. He put up his hand to ward it off and received another against his cheek, while everywhere about him confusion reigned, and the room was clearing rapidly, though a worse predicament might wait without.

Roger turned to the young woman behind him. "You are unprotected?" he inquired with the frank smile that won its way to most places. "Will you accept my escort to your home?"

"I thank you, sir," replied the girl, simply. "Indeed, I know not how else I should get there. 'Tis but a step beyond the minster yard in Portergate, close unto Bootham Bar, but these Molochs are truly fearsome to pass." Roger made a way for her through the crowd of rioters, on this occasion but harmless roughs, and they passed unobserved into the shadow of the minster.

The girl clung to her protector's arm closely with a sense of safety, and he piloted her skillfully. Neither of them noticed a dark-faced man with hat pulled low over his eyebrows who loitered behind a buttress and watched the fracas. He had ridden far from the North Riding that day, but seemed in no hurry to seek rest. The sight of Roger and his companion appeared to afford him intense enjoy-

ment. He chuckled almost audibly as they passed, and craned his neck to watch them.

"A pretty tale, indeed," he said to himself, "to come to Mistress Lucy's ears." He spoke with a foreign accent, though evidently in a familiar tongue.

Roger left the little Methodist at her own door, and went back to his hostel in Coney Street. The night watch had begun his rounds in the city and it was gradually growing quiet. And when Roger lay down at length to sleep he forgot the disturbance, the little gray-gowned girl, even the Methodists. As he listened to the chimes coming sleepily through the dusk, to the watch's call of fair weather, the only memory of which he was conscious was the certainty that the morrow would take him back to Lucy.



## CHAPTER XVIII

There is a fate beyond us  
Last as the likeness of a dying man,  
Without his knowledge from him flits to warn  
A far-off friendship that he comes no more.  
The Bright One in the highest  
Is brother of the Dark One in the lowest.

—*Tennyson.*

It was very early on the following morning when Roger called for his horse. He had far to ride that day and he was determined that it should not close before he had sought Lucy. But while his horse was being prepared, he strolled about the city, and looked with a new and keen interest at the wares in the old-fashioned shops. His desire was to purchase a gift for Lucy that should find favor in her eyes. He turned into Little Stonegate, where the morning was as yet very quiet, and sleepy shop boys, between prodigious yawns, were rubbing their eyes and taking down the shutters. Only a faint June breeze fluttered the many signboards. Nothing was abroad save an early market cart that rattled over the cobbles. Roger walked slowly along the old street of overhanging houses that is so little changed today. Presently he stopped at the sign of "Ye olde Silvere Sconce," and looked in at a goldsmith's window. It was an ancient bow window of many panes, and containing a heterogeneous heap of divers treasures, and a prentice lad was putting it

in order for the day, under the direction of an old man seated behind a counter. Roger scanned the contents of the window until his eyes rested upon a single string of pearls, fastened with a clasp of chased gold. It would indeed be a delight to see this about Lucy's long, slender neck. He turned and stepped inside the low door that led to the interior of the shop.

The old goldsmith, who looked as quaint and ancient as many of his wares, took no notice of Roger when he entered, but went on polishing something that he held in his hand. His great, round spectacles were bent upon it, his white and scanty wig was awry. Then he paused to give it a final polish upon the skirt of his rusty coat. He laid it upon the counter before him, and looked up at last to await Roger's pleasure. But Roger's eyes, too, were now fixed upon the jewel. It was an amethyst cross of exquisite workmanship, and identical with the one he had so often seen about Lucy's neck.

"Where—where did you get this?" he stammered, looking at it in amazement.

The goldsmith glanced at the cross somewhat uneasily, but he was an honest fellow in the main, and told the truth.

"'Twas brought to me but a few days ago," he said, "by a peddler who came from the North. He said it had been given to him by a maiden in payment of a long-standing debt, and I gave him a good price for it."

"'Tis false," said Roger, with a frown. "It belongs to a lady of my acquaintance away the other

side of Thirsk. But name your price and I will restore it to her. And hand me yon necklace of pearls from the window, for I would look at it."

The old goldsmith rose eagerly to do the young man's bidding, naming a sum for the cross that was much in advance of the one he had given. Roger paid it without demur, and adding to it the necklace of pearls left the shop with his new possessions.

The day was still very young and untarnished as his horse's hoofs clattered under Bootham Bar and out upon the country road. He gave no glance to the ruins by the river this time, or the tiny village of Clifton. His face was toward the moorland and his horse's footsteps all too slow. With every mile his hopes grew higher, his fears grew less. Lucy would surely be his before the short night of June fell. Roger had never been seriously jealous of John Addington, though his interviews with Lucy had roused him to anger. His own dislike of the Jacobite priest was too great for him to consider that he might possess any charm for a young, inexperienced girl. It had hardly occurred to Roger to regard the mysterious inhabitant of Saint Ruth's as a rival. So John Addington was very far from his mind as he jogged homeward through the lanes. The afternoon was growing drowsy, as he came to the loneliest portion of his journey between Easingwold and Thirsk. He was riding slowly through the sunlight, between high, rose-crowned hedges, when he saw a large gloomy coach drawn up under an oak tree not many yards in advance. It appeared to have no occupants, although the horses were in,

and it was apparently ready to start. Roger looked at it idly, and then came alongside without a hint or thought of its significance. It was broad daylight—the middle of a June day. Danger could not possibly be abroad. But in a moment the aspect of the roadside changed, and before he had time even to gather up his reins four men sprang suddenly out of the coach and Roger found himself surrounded. One seized his horse's head, and another tore at the bridle, while the other two grasped Roger firmly, and spite of his well-aimed struggles dragged him to the ground. And as he glanced hastily from one to the other, he saw the sinister brow, and cruel eyes, of the man who had looked at him through the window of the room in the Bedern. And then he recognized him. It was one of John Addington's foreign servants, whom he had seen in the precincts of Saint Ruth's. He strove again to free himself, but a violent blow on the back of his head, nearly drove him senseless.

"Knock out the Methodist's brains," cried the man who was holding his horse a few yards away.

Roger felt himself dragged backward by the hair, while the blood trickled down into his neck.

"Get off, you scoundrels," he shouted, with failing strength. "This is Addington's doing."

"Who interfered with Brother Ambrose's ghost?" replied the foreign servant gripping him tighter about the neck, until it seemed to Roger that he would, indeed, be strangled.

He made a last, desperate effort to be free, but he was powerless in the grasp of three men. He felt

another dastardly blow planted in the middle of his back. His head reeled. He looked in vain for help up and down the long, white country road, but nobody came. Then with a last, fleeting vision of Lucy across his mind, he suddenly fainted from loss of blood, and became passive in the hands of his captors.

The next moment he was being stowed away like so much luggage within the coach, followed by two of the men. The third mounted the box, the fourth rode Roger's horse, and presently an innocent-looking traveling carriage was lumbering upon its way accompanied by a solitary rider.

When Roger came to himself again he found it difficult for a moment to collect his scattered wits. He was huddled up in the recesses of the coach, and his head was throbbing wildly. A hasty bandage had been bound across his wounds, but the blood was hardly stanchd. As memory came back to him he ceased to wonder why he felt so strangely weak and ill, or how he had reached his present condition. In spite of his physical disability he sprang to his feet and would have had the coach door open if his two companions had not thrown themselves upon him. Then producing lengths of rope, and strips of linen, they bound him in spite of his struggles, and placed a gag across his lips to deaden the sound of his voice. One of them leaned from the carriage window and spoke a word to the horsemen. Presently the vehicle changed its course and, leaving the quiet north road, jolted over the rough tracks of many sequestered byways, until, as far as Roger could judge, they were miles from the direct road to Thirsk.

Every jolt of the carriage was agony to his frame, and the pain in his head half blinded him. He could not move either hand or foot, and the unbearable sensation of cramp was creeping up his limbs. The weather had changed, the June sun had gone, and a keen wind blew through the coach. More than once his companions were obliged to support his head as it fell unconscious upon his breast.

It was evidently the object of the leader of the expedition which meant Roger's undoing not to reach his destination until after nightfall. For that purpose he was taking a very circuitous route.

Dusk was falling as they skirted Northallerton, and passed along the unsuspecting village of Brompton. Then the road grew lonely as they gained the heart of the hills, and swept nearer to the moorland. It was quite dark as the horse's hoofs plashed through the becks that crossed the road and came to the remote hamlet known as Clack Lane Ends. The inkeeper came out at the sound of the carriage and disappeared grumbling as it did not even stop. It was nearly midnight. Time for decent folks to be abed. They had no business to be scouring the country after dark unless they meant to benefit such as himself.

The scent of the moorland air reached Roger, and he knew that he was near home. Through the darkness he saw the sparse lights of his own familiar countryside. Farmsteads came into faint sight that belonged to his father but nobody suspected foul play in the depths of the traveling carriage. As they passed the turning at Clack Lane Ends, Roger could

hear Osmotherley clock striking twelve. But his powers of resistance were far spent and he knew that another struggle was useless. It was a very dark night, but presently he knew by the sudden turning and extra jolting of the carriage that it was making its way up the rutted lane to Saint Ruth's. And in a few moments it stopped before the mul-lioned windows where Roger had laid the ghost. The big door was opened with a slow creak, and then all bound and pinioned as he was, Roger was borne hurriedly into the old monastic building. There was no sign of John Addington anywhere, and Roger's captors only kept him in the wide hall to which the door opened while they obtained a light from some unseen hand. Then, holding it aloft, they formed a procession, gruesome enough, with Roger still bound, and bleeding, carried helplessly in their midst. Down a long, flagged passage they went, and through another barred door. Then commenced a painful descent over rough and unevenly winding steps, cut out of apparently solid rock. Light and air alike seemed left behind. The scent of the earth was impregnated with noisome odors that came damp and foul from every side. Curious lichens grew on the ghastly walls. There was a distant sound of dropping water. And all the time the men were carrying Roger deeper into the earth. At last, after a seemingly endless journey, they gained another stout door, and as it was opened a rat sprang past them, scurrying into the damp darkness behind. The next moment Roger found himself in a small, rugged cell, apparently fashioned out of the very bowels of the earth.

His captor set the light upon a stone shelf where bread and meat had been placed, and then the men proceeded to unfasten the ropes that bound him. But before he was able to stretch out his cramped limbs, or make use of his arms, they had clanged the heavy door behind them and he found himself alone. His first feeling was one of utter despair. Here in the depths of the earth lay fastnesses unsuspected by any since the monkish days of Saint Ruth's, until sinister followers had discovered them. Within a few short miles there would soon be a hue and cry if he did not appear. But what would it avail when John Addington had buried him alive under the ruins of Saint Ruth's.

Hope is always the last resource to fail, and it was not long before it arose again doggedly in Roger. The use of his arms and legs came back to him as a reassuring element. His enemies had at least left him a light, and though his head swam weakly when he rose to his feet, he proceeded to examine his cell. It was a small place, close and almost airless, but fortunately dry. The silence of the grave encompassed it. In all probability it had been constructed to form a living grave. A faint draft of air came down from somewhere above; there was a low pallet in one corner and an earthenware jug of water beside the food. But as Roger sank exhausted upon the side of the bed his meager light went out, and he was left alone in darkness that could be felt.



## CHAPTER XIX

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain;  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And but for you, possess the field.

—*A. H. Clough.*

"LORD! If this 'ere beant a rum goa. Yon oss belongs te Measter Roger or ma naame beant Samuel Joseph," and Sam Cattermole rubbed his half witted pate in sheer perplexity.

It was very early in the morning, and he had come down from his home at the Dog and Gun in Osmotherley village, where his father combined the duties of host, with those of a linen weaver, and Sam was on his way to Northallerton, nine miles away. A linen piece was bound about his shoulders. Its destination was the carrier's cart, that stood in the courtyard of the Golden Lion, and it was Sam's business to convey it there when it was taken off the loom. His father was the son of old Martin and before he took up his residence at the Dog and Gun his had been the place now occupied by Parson's Joe. So Roger was a well-known figure and a favorite at the inn at Osmotherley. It was Sam's cus-

tom on his periodical tramps, to cross the ruins in the daylight of early morning, but to return by a longer though less eerie route. So it came to pass on the morning following Roger's arrival at Saint Ruth's, that he stood in the grassy cloister at five o'clock, gaping at a chestnut horse quietly cropping the herbage, and certain that he had both seen and groomed it many a time. But Sam was one who never reasoned from logical deduction, and though the matter came to his mind many times during the long summer day, no solution of the problem offered itself. And when he came back at night, somewhat fearfully along the dark country road, he had forgotten all about it.

But two or three days later there was a cry all over the countryside. The carrier brought word to Thirsk that he had seen Master Roger in York, and he had said he was starting for Garth early next morning. And now a week had passed away, and Roger had failed to appear. Even the old rector looked up from Homer with something like anxiety. Parson's Joe scanned the countryside, but with no result in tidings. Goody Dawe prayed long for his safety as she plied her busy loom with a grave face. Even Antony's concern contained more fear than hope. And Lucy crept away by herself to sob out all her self-reproach, with a white face and a heart full of unknown dread. These days were making Lucy older. Only she knew with a certainty too vague and intangible for proof, that John Addington was possibly the cause of Roger's disappearance. And though she roamed and lingered on the moorland

every evening until the shadows fell she could gain no glimpse of the Jacobite whom she was bracing herself to accost. And she realized also with an irrevocable pang, that in rashly destroying her amethyst cross she had lost her only hold upon him.

A week passed and then it suddenly dawned in the sluggish brain of Sam Cattermole, that the presence of Roger's horse at Saint Ruth's might be connected with his disappearance. And when this thrilling idea came to him Sam sprang to his feet, though he was in the middle of his dinner in the inn kitchen, and went out, leaving it unfinished. It was Midsummer day. A close and cloudy radiance rested everywhere among the silent ruins. The meadowsweet was coming out and its scent was in the air. Bees hummed lazily about long grasses and the clover that sprang up close to the old, gray walls. But there was a sultry sense in the atmosphere. Not a blade of grass fluttered in the intense heat. Above the woods hung a great black cloud, and there was an electric presage of coming storm. Sam sat down upon the base of an arch, and mopped his perspiring brow. He propped his chin upon his great hands and gave himself to the unusual effort of thought. There was no sign of Roger's horse anywhere, and he had half expected to see it still grazing. He had come out with the intention of finding Roger, but already he was completely at a loss how to act. He looked up at the long, gray, monkish building, in which so many windows were closed and barred. A shiver ran through him at the mere idea of demanding entrance to such a place. As he sat in the ruins

thus pondering a distant rumble crept out of the sky and a great drop of rain splashed on to the back of his neck. Sam was terrified of thunder, and he had no mind to get wet. He wished he had stayed to finish his dinner comfortably. And then he looked round for a place of shelter, for the drops were falling fast. He saw behind him the only Carthusian cell that still stood in its entirety, so making for that, he was soon huddled in a corner under its sheltering wall. He crouched under the remaining fragment of roof and looked about him curiously, for he had never been there before. His attention was arrested by a heavy door, that faced him in the opposite corner. It was rotted about its edges, but still heavy, and evidently securely barred from within. What attracted Sam's notice was the fact that fragments of the ruins and slabs of stone had evidently been recently piled against it, while the weeds and nettles growing there had been trampled underfoot. The newly awakened spirit of adventure grew suddenly strong in Sam. He got up and, crossing the little cell, began to move away the heavy stones. There was no more powerful dalesman in the North Riding than he bade fair to become, and it was an easy matter to him. When the door was cleared his curiosity became keener, and putting his shoulder against it, he gave it a great and mighty shove. It shook and yielded but did not give way. This roused all the contradiction of the Yorkshireman and Sam redoubled his efforts. His face grew purple, his brow moist, his red hair damp and ruffled, but still he pushed, and pulled at the door in the cell.

'And at length with a sudden lurch, and a violent creak, it gave way all at once and precipitated Sam, head foremost, down a flight of dark, narrow steps. Those were not days of exploration into out-of-the-way corners. There were no picnic parties to Saint Ruth's. Within Sam's recollection nobody in the neighborhood had felt any curiosity regarding the many closed doors about the monastic buildings. So Sam picked himself up ruefully, and listened in some alarm to see if his efforts had been discovered. But the thunder was rumbling louder and nearer and his noise had not been heard. As soon as he grew accustomed to the semidarkness, he descended farther very cautiously. After turning and twisting for some distance until he thought he was surely going down to the center of the earth, the steps came to an end upon a little platform that apparently led nowhere. Sam stood still in amazement and scratched his shock head again, while he glanced uneasily upward toward light and freedom and air. He was fearful that at any moment something might bar his return to the world.

As he shuffled about the small space, his foot suddenly encountered something metallic that gave forth a sharp sound. He stooped, and in the semidarkness presently made out a rusty iron ring standing up from the pavement upon which he stood. Progress in this curious place was evidently a matter of strength. Sam stepped aside off the stone which held the ring, and seizing it gave a mighty pull. There was no response. Bending forward until his arms strained in their sockets, and his eyes

appeared to be starting from his head, he made a second attempt. With a sound of falling earth and wrenching stones one corner of the heavy slab lifted, and Sam managed to wedge beneath it the stout stick that he carried. Then he paused to rest, and to his amazement a muttering voice came up to him from the cavity below. He went down on his knees and listened. He peered into the crevice he had made. But all he could hear was a low chattering moan and only at intervals a half lucid sentence.

"Oh, God!" were the agonized words that he caught at length. And then Sam Cattermole sprang to his feet and caught at the iron ring as if his life depended upon the strength of his arms.

"My God!" he uttered aloud in his horror, "'tis Master Roger's voice."

He was determined to succeed now or perish in the attempt. And after a long time as it seemed to him and when his arms were bruised and his fingers bleeding, at last he was able to raise the stone altogether and to look down into the little cell. No daylight ever came there save a faint gloaming that filtered through the chinks which admitted what little air Roger breathed. And since his first coming he had been allowed no light. Sam sprang down into the cell beside him, and looked pitifully at the vicar's son. Worn, wasted, with restless eyes gleaming ghastly in their sockets, and hands burning with fever—could this be Master Roger Tratham?

There was a dirty red bandage about his head, upon which the blood was dry and clotted. He looked full at Sam, but only continued his dreadful

muttering. It was evident that he could recognize nobody.

"Eh! what mun ad dea?" wailed Sam, in despair, and then he caught sight of a crock of water. It was useless to attempt to lift the delirious man out into the world above without help, but at least he might bathe his brow. So he tenderly took off the bandage, though with clumsy fingers, and washed the aching wound. Then he bound it up again as well as he could and bent over Roger once more. The sick man's moans had ceased, and as Sam looked at him with anxious eyes a gleam of recognition came into his eyes. He was coming back to consciousness.

"Sam," he whispered, faintly. "Is it you, Sam? How did you find me?"

"Ah coom thruv t' roof, Measter Roger, an', please God, ah'll coom agaan and soom moor wi' ma. Can ye howd out till neetfall, an ah's coom wi Granfer, an Joe, an ma faather, an we's soon ave ye oot."

A delirious glimpse of freedom crossed Roger's vision, but he was almost too weak to take in Sam's meaning.

"Don't—be—very—long, Sam," he gasped, faintly. "And—wait." He fumbled inside his garments as he spoke and produced a small packet. "If—you fail—or I can't hold—out," he said, "give this—to Mistress Lucy."

"Aye, sir,—ah will, sir," answered Sam, obediently, and pulling his forelock in as matter-of-fact a manner as if he held Roger's horse before the Dog and Gun.

"But howd on, Measter Roger, fur we's be ere afor midneet suirly."

But Roger was already lapsing into unconsciousness again, and his low muttering had begun once more.

Sam scaled the rough wall of the cell and gained the trapdoor above with a quickly beating heart. He feared to reach the daylight lest his efforts had been discovered. But he feared more to leave Roger behind. Circumstances were making a hero of him because there was in him some of the stuff of which they are fashioned.

It was well-nigh incredible to Sam Cattermole that the daylight of the June afternoon still hovered over the earth. He had surely been a week underground. Very cautiously he replaced the iron ring, and gained the ground once more. With a care such as he had never exercised before he closed the door he had broken down and placed the stones about it. Then with a speed to which eagerness and affection lent wings he tore across the moorland, only hoping with something like a voiceless prayer in his heart that his deed would remain undiscovered.

Hardly had Sam got well away from the Carthusian cell before steps were heard approaching Roger's prison. The door opened and John Addington's foreign servant appeared. Not once had the Jacobite priest himself come near his imprisoned guest. The man bent over Roger, and even into his sinister eyes there came a gleam of concern.

"He will be dead before the week's out if he is left here," he said to himself in Italian. "'Tis a mistake.



Even the Jacobites hereabouts would resist the murder of Roger Tratham. 'Tis well known that any sympathy of his father's is with us."

He shrugged his shoulders and went away without looking round the cell or up to the roof above. And Sam's readjustment of the bandage had made little difference. But he went straight to the large room behind the mullioned windows where John Addington sat throughout the summer days always writing documents in cipher. He looked up when he heard of Roger's condition and his thin face was more cadaverous than ever. Sometimes he was beginning to think that this Jacobite rising which was to mean so much would end its existence upon paper. The enthusiasm of the spring seemed waning and dispatches came fitfully from abroad. It might not be to his interest to have the death of Roger Tratham at his door.

## CHAPTER XX

Trust thou thy love; if she be proud, is she not sweet,  
Trust thou thy love; if she be mute, is she not pure?  
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;  
Fail, sun and breath!—yet for thy peace, she shall  
endure.—*Ruskin.*

SUPPER was over in the hall at Windygarth, and though it was as yet only twilight, Mistress Kezia had already retired to her room. Since her illness after the catastrophe of Black Hambleton she had maintained somewhat invalid habits. Lucy stood in the doorway under the falling petals of the rambler, while with much clattering of plates and dishes Molly cleared the table. But Lucy did not hear it. Her eyes were on the moorland where already the heather glowed. But she did not see its sheen, for her heart was far away. She knew not where—somewhere hidden with Roger. The long summer days of unrelieved suspense had robbed Lucy of her roses. The hand that lay against her plainest gown was thinner than of yore. It was a very sad and slenderly winsome maiden who stood framed in the darkening doorway. Voices rose and fell in the paddock, but Lucy heeded them not. Antony came up to the garden gate and fumbled at it clumsily. Evening primroses were growing close upon it and sometimes it was hard to open. He came along the path with a youthful eagerness in his tread, and holding something in his hand. As Lucy looked at him she

suddenly knew that he had brought her news of Roger.

"You have heard something," she cried with parted lips, her eyes all aflame with longing.

"Yes, bairnie; be ready for a sad story and yet for a glad one, too, because Sam Cattermole has found him—if it be not too late."

"Too late—Sam Cattermole," echoed Lucy, the light in her eyes beginning to die.

"He has brought you this," continued Antony, putting a packet into Lucy's hand.

Sam Cattermole had completely forgotten that it was to be delivered if Roger's rescue failed.

Lucy opened it carefully, and a cry of amazement escaped her. "My amethyst cross—and from Roger—oh, what does this mean?" she cried.

"Uncle Antony, if Roger is in Father Addington's power, this cross is the only thing that can save him. But tell me all."

And Antony told her.

The Cattermole clan was already foregathering though midnight was nearly three hours distant. Parson's Joe was on his way to join them, and Antony himself had promised to ride over the moorland and be with them when they reached the ruins. Lucy listened to the story with whitening lips, and hands clasped ever more closely, though no word escaped her. Then she looked at the old, frail, feeble man and laid her hand on his arm.

"I must go, too," she said.

"No, no, Lucy." Antony shook his head. "'Tis

no place for you. We know not what may happen, or how many lie hid in yonder priory."

"Uncle Antony," began Lucy, solemnly, and holding up the amethyst cross that flashed in the dusk. "This cross was given to my mother by John Addington because he loved her. He has promised to grant me a boon if I come to him with this cross in my hand. Roger may be dying"—her voice faltered. "You may not be able to carry him above ground. And I love Roger—oh, I love him so. You won't refuse me, Uncle Antony."

The old man looked at her wistfully, and then he looked away to the moorland and the woods. The thunder still rumbled ominously, for the storm was only held in abeyance, and the air was still heavy in spite of the fact that raindrops fell slowly from the leaves.

"Nancy shall carry you," was all he said at length.

By eleven o'clock the household of Windygarth was usually deep in slumber. As the clock in the hall struck this untimely hour Lucy came down the broad staircase, and stealthily opened the kitchen door. She crossed the courtyard, and entered the paddock, and then beyond the hedge she could see Antony waiting for her, his quieting hand laid upon Nancy's shaggy mane.

"Mount, Lucy," was all he said, as he turned the horse's head toward Greymire.

"No—you ride, and I will walk, Uncle Antony," said the young girl, throwing back her blue hood and looking at his bowed figure.

"Get up, bairn." There was no gainsaying An-

tony the dreamer when he spoke in that tone, and Lucy obeyed without a word.

Nancy shook her harness, and they started through the night, going very slowly, with Antony walking at the horse's head, as they skirted the edge of the moorland, and looked down on gleaming Greymire. It was very dark in spite of the fact that it was the shortest night of the year. A souging wind had arisen and shrieked across the hills. As they gained the open moor the thunder came again. It crashed apparently just above their heads. It rolled in terrible majesty across the sky. It died away in the distant valley only to come again with added force. And then the lightning streaked the hills with terrible and jagged flashes. They pursued their way doggedly in spite of the storm in their faces. Rain streamed from the brim of Antony's hat, and glistened in the little brown curls that escaped from Lucy's hood. The lightning played about them with fearsome and awful intent. Lucy drew a quick breath now and then but no frightened words passed her lips. And Antony needed all his strength and skill to guide the pony that stumbled and shied more than once at the white stones so familiar by day. So silently they crossed the moorland, and came to the edge of Osmotherley. Antony paused at the turning of the ways beside the Bog Hole Bridge, over the beck.

"'Twill not be safe to climb the hill and go down past the Lady Chapel, he said. "We must take the longer road, Lucy, and creep through the fields to Saint Ruth's."

Lucy bowed her head. There was a lull in the force of the storm, as if it had paused to gather strength and only the great trees above tossed in the shrieking wind.

"Take my place," implored Lucy, leaning forward to make herself heard.

"No, no." The old man shook his head, and glanced at his buckled shoes heavy with mire. "You will need your strength—and mine—will be given me."

They plodded on again, and now their way lay between dark and overhanging hedges, where Lucy glanced from time to time unable to still the beating of her heart. Behind the hedges the song of the beck had risen to a roaring torrent, and Lucy wondered how they would ford the place where the moorland stream crossed the road. Narrower, steeper, grew the winding way, as they descended by a lane that was merely a bridle path. They were passing a dense wood now, where the blackness of intense foliage was almost terrible, and in another moment they would have to cross the beck beside a white plank bridge. Lucy held Nancy's rein more firmly as she peered into the darkness for a glimpse of the bridge. At that moment a wild, long-drawn, dreadful cry smote the night, and quivered through the wood. Lucy's heart stood still. She feared to move. "Oh, what is that?" she breathed unconsciously.

"Only a vixen," said Antony, quietly, coming to her side.

His voice was almost lost in the roar of the beck where they turned a corner suddenly. And then a

very strange thing happened which Lucy could never explain to the end of her life. She could only recount it with some of the awe that wrapped her about when it occurred.

Nancy shied violently, and Antony urged her forward into the dark water which none of them could see. But it was in vain. Again and again the horse reared until Lucy's brain reeled, and she hardly knew what she was doing. Only sheer determination kept her clinging to the saddle. Then she was conscious that she no longer looked into the blackness of night, although the lightning had seemingly passed away. A soft and wonderful radiance suffused the wood, the rushing water, the narrow way—even the tempest-racked sky above. And from the density of the midsummer hedge someone was coming toward them—a figure that did not belong to Saint Ruth's, or Windygarth, or even to the moorland.

It was a woman, old, perhaps, as the hills, but yet with eyes as young as dawn. She moved with a gliding noiseless tread that was wholly spiritual, that hardly touched the earth. She came up to Antony the dreamer who was in noways surprised, and laid her hand upon the bridle held by his own. Instantly Nancy's wonderful instinct was alert, and she stood still. Then was revealed the fact that the bridge had broken down, and lay in the rushing water, while across the ford lay also the great interlacing branches of a fallen tree. But for this mysterious intervention Lucy and her uncle might have been lying helpless in the darkness instead of going

to Roger's aid. Guided by the strange hand, Nancy picked her way across the beck and presently stood at the entrance of the fields that led circuitously to Saint Ruth's. And then as Antony came back again to the horse's head, the woman stepped back silently into the hedge. But before she disappeared into the darkness, taking with her the wonderful light, both Lucy and her uncle saw the spirit hand beckon. Some of the radiance had passed into Antony's face, but Lucy's heart sank.

"'Twill not be long," murmured the old man, and then he came close to Lucy.

"You saw her, Lucy," he whispered, eagerly.

"Yes, Uncle Antony," replied the girl in a voice filled with awe. "What did it mean?"

The old man shook his head, but his voice was triumphant. "I know not," he said, "save that we are doing God's will, and that he has sent his angel to keep us from danger. 'Twas always so—and now again—after many years—long, long years. But now 'twill not be long before I go—where I shall see and know all."

Lucy put her hand down in the darkness and laid it about Antony's neck. "Oh, don't—don't leave me alone," she pleaded.

"No—with Roger to cherish you, with love to comfort you, my bairn," said the old man, dreamily.

"Perchance Roger cannot love me now," whispered Lucy with a sob, and speaking the fear that gathered force as they neared Saint Ruth's.

Antony looked at her white face, the small nervous hands that yet grasped the bridle, her



dripping cloak and her blue eyes beautiful in their anxiety.

"He isna a man, then," he said, shortly, and urging Nancy across the meadow where daisies were growing high.

In a few moments they neared the low stone wall that lay between Saint Ruth's and the fields. Here they were to leave Nancy, and with many a silent caress, she was tethered to the branch of a tree, and left to crop contentedly while Antony helped Lucy over a gap in the wall, and they stood among the long grass where above them towered the ruins.

Keeping close to the shadow of the wall, they crossed the cloisters and skirted the tower. Then their way led across the open to the quadrangle of solitary cells. And in one of them they hoped to find their confederates, for the time was close upon midnight. The door of the cell was half closed as it was usually seen, and Antony pushed it open cautiously, followed closely by Lucy. Nobody spoke, but as they stepped within they heard the sound of hard breathing. There in the narrow confines of the Carthusian cell waited four brawny dalesmen.

It was not safe to make a light, though Parson's Joe had brought tinder and flint. The landlord of the Dog and Gun looked somewhat askance at Lucy. Her imperious will was well known to him, but he considered this no expedition for women, and his hope of success died low. Probably Mistress Lucy would spoil all by screaming.

The four men rose to their feet, and at a word from Sam began cautiously to move away the stones

which he had replaced earlier in the day. In the dense darkness it was a task of difficulty to accomplish without a sound. But presently it was done, the door lifted out, and then the descent began, while Antony and Lucy waited hand in hand in the little cell above. The raising of the stone slab was a small matter, and then four men sprang down into Roger's living grave. With steady hands Parson's Joe made a light. The four men looked round the grim walls and then staggered against each other with ghastly faces. The cell was empty.

## CHAPTER XXI

There is no striving  
To cross his intent,  
There is no contriving  
His plot to prevent,  
But if once the message greet him  
That his true love doth stay,  
If Death should come and meet him,  
Love will find out the way.

LUCY thought it was a long time before anything happened after the last of the men disappeared into the dark cavity. The echo of their footsteps died away and she strained her ears for the first signal that should prove Roger's coming. But the only sound that met her was the loud beating of her own woman's heart that she vain would have stilled and could not. It was very difficult to realize that her lover was close at hand in the darkness and secrecy. She leaned against the wall of the cell, and closed her eyes in the sultry silence. The storm was coming up again. It was years since there had been one of such violence. A vivid streak of lightning flashed across the walls of the cell and revealed the darksome doorway through which Roger was to come back to her. As Lucy looked into it, her courage failed, but not because of the darkness or the storm. These seemed to her at this juncture things of little moment. The great doubt that lay at her heart concerned her meeting with Roger. Would he greet

her with his old, swift smile from whose tenderness she had turned. Or would he look at her with the coldness in his eyes which she told herself she deserved. It never occurred to her young inexperience that he would be too weak to look at her at all.

Ah—a sound at the bottom of the crooked steps. The men were coming up again with surely something more of noise than it was advisable to make. “Oh”—Lucy took a step forward, and laid her hands against her heart. Parson’s Joe and Sam Cattermole appeared, but why were they alone? Why, oh, why did these heavy-footed yokels not hurry with their task? A sudden intuition seized Lucy—a premonition of what she was about to hear, in Parson Joe’s slow speech.

“Measter Antony,” he whispered, cautiously and yet as if he knew not how to say it, “there’s bin foul play soomewheeres. Measter Roger beant theer.”

“What?” cried Antony, staggering backward, while Lucy clutched his hand convulsively, but made no sound.

“Cell’s empta,” put in Sam Cattermole, shortly. “Lord! what’ll us dea? He’s bin tuk oot t’ uther waa.”

Sam’s face expressed real concern, and he scratched his head in dismay. No way out of the difficulty presented itself.

Lucy put him aside with a peremptory hand that also waved Parson’s Joe out of her path. Then without a word she, too, descended the dark, moss-grown steps, and Antony followed her. She could

scarcely see the dreadful place where Roger had lain for a fortnight. The ride over the moorland, the terrible storm, the encounter with an unfathomable mystery had not shaken Lucy's self-control as did this glimpse of her lover's prison. One glance into the semidarkness laid low the last shred of any remaining self-complaisance in Lucy. When she stumbled up the stairs again her slender frame was shaken by sobs, and her eyes blinded by great tears. The men gathered together once more but nobody had anything to say. The night was passing. It was nearly one o'clock, but they were stunned into dismayed and anxious silence.

It was Lucy who choked back her sobs and spoke: "Listen," she said; "if you will wait for us here, Uncle Antony and I—we will go and find Master Roger. I swear upon this cross"—she drew it out—"that I will not come back without him. I cannot tell you how I know that it is so, but if he be in yon house, Father Addington will take me to him."

The priestly name slipped out unawares, and the men stared at Lucy with varied emotions. Parson's Joe and Martin Cattermole were accustomed to regard her as a person who carried things through, and Sam was her devoted slave, but the landlord of the Dog and Gun took little account of woman-kind.

"What can a lass do?" he asked, roughly.

"You will see if you wait," answered Lucy, quickly, turning to him with the sudden hauteur that was natural to her. He muttered an oath under his breath but said no more, and Lucy continued,

though Antony listened to her words with growing dismay.

"You will wait here until you hear Uncle Antony whistle, and do not wonder if it is a long time. Then come to the great door and you will be told what to do."

Lucy spoke imperiously. This was a time when, if she did not assert her intention with a strong will, she knew it was useless to assert it at all.

She laid her hand upon Antony's arm. "Come with me," she said, and he followed her, leaving the four men behind, aghast at what she did.

The old man and the young girl, crossed the long grass again, but instead of keeping close to the wall, they boldly made for the refectory. Noiselessly they passed the shuttered window, where lights glimmered in spite of the hour. And the next moment they stood before the great, barred door. For one moment Lucy's courage failed. She knew not how many desperate plotters were hidden within these walls. But she turned in her fear to Antony, and whispered quickly: "Knock loudly, and long."

"My bairn," he ejaculated, but she only made a gesture of impatience, and raising the stick which had helped him over the moors, the old man struck the panels of the oaken door until the clamor resounded through the night.

John Addington sat in his great, bare room with his endless writing before him, and at the other end of the long table one of his foreign servants copying documents in a cipher which he could not understand. There was no furniture in the room save a

high carven press. Nothing hung on the paneled walls save an ebony and ivory crucifix. Neither of the men spoke as he worked in the silence of night. There was no hint that beyond the grassy quadrangle Roger Tratham's friends had come too late to rescue him. Yet something in the atmosphere of the storm that surcharged the quiet room was making John Addington's spirit uneasy. He could not rid himself of the notion that untoward things were abroad, and the depression that had been gaining upon him for weeks took possession of his soul. And though he shook himself free again and again, his mind went persistently back to the aims and ideals of other years. Mingled with them came the Oxford days, and the visionary face of the spiritualized woman whom he had loved. He strove to put it all away, and give his mind to his writing. The gloom only deepened as the conviction grew that he had sold himself for a sham. And as this sword entered his heart with a stab of certainty, came the resounding clang upon the outer door.

John Addington half sprang to his feet and seized the arms of his chair, while great drops of moisture stood upon his brow. He knew not what he feared. His companion looked at him with a half sneer, and took no further notice of the sound. The loud knocking came again.

"Go," thundered John Addington, and the man went, leaving his master alone. Then the priest rose to his feet, and his cadaverous face wore the hue of death. That morning he had looked upon Roger's fever-stricken brow, and ordered his removal to an-

other hiding place. But already Nemesis was upon his track, and he shivered in the sultry storm of June. Like most tyrants, he was an arrant coward at heart, where his own body was concerned. But there came no inroad of an avenging mob. Instead he heard a girl's clear voice.

"Take me to him at once," it said. "I tell you I *will* see your master. Busy? He is not too busy to see me. Tell him Mistress Lucy Saxton will see him at once—nay, I know the way. Stand aside, for I must go to him. Come, Uncle Antony."

The next moment the grim doorway of the old monkish room was transformed, for Lucy stood within it.

She looked at the man standing by the table, and it seemed to her that he had shrunken and grown suddenly old. And there was a cowed aspect in his demeanor of which she was quick to take advantage. She stopped for no word of greeting, but went across the room to him.

"Where is Roger Tratham?" she asked, simply, and looking full into the crafty gray eyes that tried not to meet hers.

"I know nothing of him," was the curt reply, followed by a sneer. "I wonder that Mistress Lucy should seek her sweetheart here, after refusing to do my bidding."

"Those are coward's words," said Lucy, coldly. "You will take me to Roger here and now. He is somewhere in this house. You buried him alive in a foul underground cell, and now you have put him somewhere else. It may be that he is—already dead."



Her voice faltered. Lucy's limbs were beginning to tremble, but she would not face the possibilities of failure.

"I am going to him," she continued, "and if I find him alive, he goes hence this night with me."

John Addington shrugged his shoulders, and turned back to the document on the table. There was apparently no reinforcement behind Lucy. "Go where you like," he said, in tones of contempt. "You will not find Master Tratham. I know nought of his whereabouts. That is nothing to me."

"You are telling a lie," said Lucy steadily, but this time her direct, blue eyes were full of pain, and she spoke sadly. She put her hand inside her rain-bedewed cloak and brought out the amethyst cross. Going close to the table, she laid it down, and it gleamed and sparkled like a living thing.

"I threw this away," she said, solemnly, "because it reminded me of you and I had grown to hate it. But God has sent it back to me very wonderfully and I have brought it here to plead for me. It means more to you than it does to me. You promised me a boon if I came to you with this—and I have come—to humble myself to beg from you. You say you loved my mother once. If it were true love, could you break the heart of her child?"

She paused and looked at him, and there was silence in the room, while outside the storm shivered, and thunder groaned as though the sky were in pain.

The priest took the flashing cross into his long, thin fingers. He touched it with a reverence that Lucy

had never given to it. A fitful gleam of tenderness crept across his brow as he fingered it caressingly. To him it was a symbol of that which, though he had indeed buried it, had never ceased to live. The great room in the monkish building faded from his view. Plots, conspiracies, double-dealing—years of self-seeking passed away. The cruelty went out of his gray eyes. Dreams filled them as once, long ago, they had looked when he played his own chorales on the lute in a quiet room beneath Oxford's towers. He saw again the uplifted face of a woman slowly dying because a man had broken her heart. He remembered his own indignation against that man. There came to his memory also the sleeping child who lay between them when he bent over her mother to say farewell. And now that child was pleading with him for a life dearer than her own.

The moments passed—stealthily, fatefully. Lucy stood waiting beside the table perfectly motionless, every muscle tense. John Addington was the first to move. He took up the beautiful amethyst cross and pressed it to his lips. Then he looked at the girl in whose earnest face there was a fleeting likeness to her mother. He put the jewel into her hand, while for the moment his own face was transformed as only love can change a man's features.

"You shall go to Roger," he said, gently, "and if he is able to do so, Roger shall go with you."

Lucy could not speak. The tension of the last few moments had been such as she could not have borne if she had realized it. She raised her fine, white handkerchief, and drew it across her lips.

They formed a word of gratitude, but she could utter no sound.

"I understand," said John Addington, suddenly rising and laying his hand for a moment upon the girl's shoulder. "Come with me."

Lucy turned to her uncle and they followed him from the room.

## CHAPTER XXII

Yea, verily, when he is come,  
We will do thus and thus:  
Till this my vigil seem quite strange  
And almost fabulous;  
We two will live at once, one life;  
And peace shall be with us.—*Rossetti.*

THE darkness of the monk's refectory was made visible by a single lamp on the wall. John Addington took it from the sconce that held it and carrying it in a hand that was not always steady led the way toward the wide staircase. With many a shallow twist and turn the gallery above was reached. It lay in darkness, and its eerie corners were only revealed for a moment by the passing lamp. A branch without in the storm tapped weirdly against the great window that looked into the grassy quadrangle. But Lucy's eyes were only fixed upon the darkness. In which of those dim, mysterious chambers was Roger lying? Apparently in none of them. For John Addington went on to another winding staircase where footsteps made a creaking sound upon the moth-eaten wood, and where it was sometimes difficult to tread. Indignation began to arise in Lucy, and Antony breathed hard as he followed her closely. But neither spoke, and presently they reached a wide landing not far from the roof. Their guide went to a large door no less heavy than those below, and fumbled with a huge key that turned

rustily in the lock. It was long since this room had been occupied. When Lucy entered with beating heart she saw no sign of Roger. It was a bare, garret-like place, devoid of furniture, and its corners hidden in gloom. At right angles to the entrance she saw coming into view, a wide, high fireplace with a large hearth, and surrounding it a chimney-piece of carven workmanship such as was not often seen in upper rooms, even in the eighteenth century. To Lucy's surprise, John Addington walked up to the hearth. She watched him put out a hand in the lamplight and carefully feel the carven roses at the side of the chimney-piece. Then she heard a little click, and the insertion of a key. The next moment the carven front had swung forward, and a narrow flight of steps leading somewhere above was revealed. The Jacobite signed to her to enter, and put the lamp into Antony's hand. Then he turned away and left them to go up to the secret room alone.

Love had put wings upon Lucy's feet, and the flight of her maiden's timidity, but as she climbed these narrow steps, knowing that her mission was accomplished, the weight of her own heart's fears came back. Was it still unbroken, that golden thread which bound her forever to Roger?

The secret room built in the great chimney stack of Saint Ruth's, by Stuart Cavaliers, at the time when it was a royalist residence, seemed a haven of refuge to Roger. He had been carried there in the early evening in a semiconscious condition. His wounds had been dressed, clean linen put upon him, and a cooling cordial administered. Through

the apertures left for light and air, between loosened bricks, the storm howled and thunder reverberated. But its presence only added to the joy which Roger felt in the fact that he was still alive. As the air grew cooler, the fever left him, and his vigorous constitution began to reassert itself. Darkness fell, and the foreign servant, satisfied that he was in no danger of dying, left him alone. But it was not the stifling darkness of the underground cell. He was conscious of an exquisite sense of ability to breathe, though he was weak as a little child. He knew not what would happen to him next, but for the time being he was content. Somewhere at the back of his mind he had a faint memory of the coming of Sam Cattermole, but he put it down to his delirium, and sank into a fitful slumber.

When he opened his eyes again there was a gleam of lamplight on the narrow stair. The storm was dying to a sobbing breath at last, and already the first pale beam of dawn was creeping into the room. Yet it was surely night still. Roger looked up in astonishment, and saw coming across the room—the face and form of Lucy.

She said no word at first. She came close to the low, rough pallet, and knelt by Roger's side. He made no movement; he was too weak to raise his head. A delicious languor of love and longing for what he knew to be coming stole over him. And Lucy, looking deep into his dark eyes, with love's intuition read it all, and his weakness touched her with an appealing force as his strength had never done. Suddenly she put her strong, young arms

about him and drew him close with a touch half maternal, wholly passionate, altogether tender. His dark head was on her bosom; he could feel her heart beating close to his own, while her breath came and went hurriedly. He looked up at her with a faint though infinitely loving smile.

"Roger—oh, Roger," she whispered, and then she paused.

The delight in his eyes deepened into rapture. For he saw in hers the look which proclaimed that she cared. He half raised himself, and lifting his arms, drew her lips down to his, and they kissed each other with a long, long, passionate kiss.

It was the moment alone for which each had lived, and it had come, as it does come, alike in the old centuries and the new. Both forgot that the hour was the one before dawn, and the place a room of strange secrets, perchance of crimes. It had become to them a holy of holies because their love was told there. They forgot their misunderstanding. The coldness that had severed them was as if it had never been. They forgot the world without and within the precincts of Saint Ruth's. And Lucy forgot the four serving men who waited in the Carthusian cell. The only real thing in the world seemed the fact that they were together. It was a long time before they spoke, and then it was only an almost inarticulate whisper that came from Roger.

"Kiss me, Lucy," he murmured, his lips against her neck.

She kissed the hair that fell over his brow, and he wound his arms about her more closely.

"Oh, I love you, my own, my own," he said. "Nothing can come between us now, Lucy."

"No, Roger"; her tone was low, but very clear.

"Say you love me, dearest," pleaded the sick man.

A great sob rose into Lucy's voice. "Oh, I have loved you all the time," she whispered. "I think I have always been your own. But, Roger—have you forgiven me?"

He held her hands very fast and kissed them both many times.

"For teaching me how precious Lucy was to me?" Roger's voice thrilled with tenderness. "You are my own for evermore," he said; and then after a long moment, with one consent they both looked up and remembered Antony.

He had left them alone since his entrance into the room, and was standing with his back toward them, looking out through one of the apertures in the wall to the familiar landscape without. He had often seen the dawn break. He saw it now from a new point of view. A glad certainty was his that very soon he would step into the eternal dawn. The murmur of the lovers' voices reached him, and sudden tears came between his old eyes and the primrose light growing in a morning sky from which all storm had gone. Love had passed him by, but it had left him the heritage of a heart made tender by loving. Roger and Lucy were children to him, but he had a part in their gladness. His old romance-haunted nature was still in love with love.



Antony leaned against the rough wall for support. The incidents of the night had made him very tired. It seemed to him that when the time came for him to rest he should lie down willing never to rise again. But that moment could not come until Lucy no longer needed him. He was glad that the lovers had forgotten his presence, but he turned instantly when he heard Lucy's voice speaking his name. She held out her hands to him—this radiant Lucy, whose every charm seemed suddenly imbued with a newly wondrous life. And the man on the bed in the corner followed her every moment with eyes that held a caress. As Lucy clung to the arm of the old dreamer, who had hitherto made so much of the music in her life, the little secret hiding place was flooded with a shaft of glory. Over the purpling moorland, and the corn below in the valley, athwart the moonlike daisies in the meadows, and the old gray priory, serene amid all that was passing, the dawn gave place to a greater light. Suddenly—over all the land—the sun rose. Night with all its mysteries had fled behind the everlasting hills. The reality of morning and daylight rested everywhere.

A few minutes later a shrill whistle sounded from the refectory doorway. It startled the occupants of the Carthusian cell, for their faith in its coming had been small, and the waiting time almost too long to be borne. Sleep had overtaken Sam Cattermole, who snored openly as daylight broke, while the landlord of the Dog and Gun sat in his corner with a taciturn face. He had not foregone his comfortable bed to be at the beck of a maiden's

whimsies. But it was suspense that weighted the minutes into hours to old Martin and Parson's Joe. The serving man of Windygarth and the rector's factotum knew that their hearts had gone with Lucy and her uncle. Kneeling on the earthen floor where a white cowed monk had last knelt, one prayed silently for their safety, while the other found a crevice in the wall of the cell, from which he could reconnoiter the precincts of Saint Ruth's.

But at last the signal came, and the four men hurried out of their hiding place, and crossed the grassy quadrangle with a sense of wonder that the inevitable dawn of an ordinary summer day had come. The scene that met their eyes upon the steps of the refectory was one that each never forgot. Leaning upon Lucy's arm, and with his hand upon Antony's shoulder, waited Roger Tratham, his dark face white and drawn, and a bandage about his brow. His gallant's dress was dark and stained. His hair fell unkempt about his face. It was obviously with difficulty that he steadied himself to stand. But there he was, once again free to go where he listed. Lucy had fulfilled her promise. The landlord of the Dog and Gun unconsciously pulled his forelock as his eyes met hers.

"Joe," said Antony quietly, "ye brought the parson's carriage last night?"

"Aye, sir," returned Joe, eagerly. "'Tis waiting at the Dog and Gun. We thought we could carry Master Roger thus far."

"Go and fetch it," commanded Antony, and without a word Parson's Joe set off at a run, followed

by the landlord of the Dog and Gun. He was back again in an incredibly short time, mounted upon the box of the rector's clumsy carriage, which he drove along the rutted lane and drew up under the trees with an ostentatious publicity that brought much comfort to his own soul.

Roger was carefully helped within, and Lucy took her seat beside him. "You are coming, Uncle Antony," she said, with her hand on the door.

"No, bairnie, I would rather ride Nancy," he answered. "She will carry me well after this long time of waiting."

"But you are very tired I know. Take my place and I will ride Nancy."

"No, honey, no. I would rather ride my old pony. It may be the last time," he added to himself.

So the door of the clumsy old carriage was closed, and Roger and Lucy were alone. John Addington did not appear again. Nobody sped them on their way. But as the priest watched their departure, himself unobserved, he knew that in all probability there would be no Jacobite rising on the North Riding moors—and before another night had passed, he had disappeared from Saint Ruth's.

Through the waking grace, and dew-dashed fragrance of the early morning Roger and Lucy drove quietly home, content to be together in a world that the storm had made anew. The colors of the wayside were all aglow. The sky was reflected in Grey-mire. The brown sheen of young oakwoods was fretted with sunlight, and embroidered with rain. The rector of Garth had left Homer behind him,

and come out into the steep lane above the village. His white lovelocks streamed out into the breeze. He shaded his eyes with his hand. The latent fatherhood had arisen in him and he was looking anxiously for his son.

## CHAPTER XXIII

Straight with inborn vigor on the wing,  
Like mounting larks to the new morning sing.  
There thou, sweet saint, before the choir shall go,  
An harbinger of heaven the way to show,  
The way which thou so well hast learn'd below.  
—Dryden.

MISTRESS KEZIA like the rector of Garth had forgotten her usual proprieties. It was her custom to rise at four A. M. in the June weather and frequently to call her niece to assist her in some household avocation. So this morning she rapped sharply upon Lucy's bedroom door before the sun was well-nigh up. Receiving no answer, she proceeded to enter the room but went no further than the threshold. A climbing rose nodded at her through the open window but Lucy's bed was empty. "Lord have mercy upon us," cried Kezia, putting out her hand to make sure that she was not dreaming. "Where in all creation has the bairn gone?"

A great anxiety dawned in her eyes. Her mind went back where it seldom dwelt, to the flight of her younger sister long ago. Was history about to repeat itself as it has a grim way of doing? She made her way to Antony's room, and opened the door without ceremony. Another smooth and untouched quilt met her astonished eyes. But there was relief in her mind. Doubtless they were both fools—but at least they were fools together.

However, before Antony and Lucy returned, the story of the night had reached Windygarth. Mistress Kezia listened to it with compressed and disapproving lips, but there was an unmistakable light in her deepset eyes. Those old knights of the Border who had been the men of her race had no unworthy descendant in Lucy.

So it came to pass that when Lucy came home she was met beyond the foldyard by her aunt, and when the girl saw her waiting there, she suddenly stood still and burst into tears. The long night of dire anxiety was ended, and Lucy's heart was overcharged. Then Mistress Kezia did a very unusual thing. She put her arm somewhat clumsily about the girlish figure, and drew her into the hall where a bountiful repast waited.

"There, there, bairn, ye're overset," she said. "It's food and drink ye want after sic a sight. Eh, Lucy, yer auld auntie's proud of ye. I could wish yer grandfer had known."

Lucy's amazement at her austere relative's words was so intense, that her self-command came back immediately. She even looked up surreptitiously through her eyelashes to see if she could indeed believe her ears. But Mistress Kezia's next words were eminently commonplace.

"Have some pie, bairn—it'll do ye a world of good. There's nothing like a good piece of a savory pie when you feel overset. I've noted it many's the time. And where's your uncle?"

"He should be here by now," said Lucy, anxiously. "He rode Nancy home, but I fear he is sorely tired."

"Aye, he's failing fast, is Antony," remarked Mistress Kezia, shaking her head. "He'll none last over next winter."

"Oh," began Lucy, but at that moment Martin Cattermole was heard shouting in the paddock. The women went out with fear in their faces to find that Nancy had just come home. And clinging to her neck, borne carefully over the rough bridle paths, Antony the dreamer lay unconscious on his saddle. There were many hands eager to come to his help, and he was carried up to the pleasant room that faced the moors, and laid on the white bed under the window—a place from which his tired body was never to move again.

He lay there very contentedly during the July days, while the royal color deepened on the moorland, and the sickle made hay in the meadows. There was upon his face an expression that came there in the wild night, when he rode through the storm with Lucy. It was the look of one to whom the windows of heaven were ajar.

In that wonderful story of a pilgrimage, which Roger found upon his father's shelves, there is a place called the chamber of peace, whose window opened toward the sun rising. There are many pilgrims who come to that chamber, but most of them are wayfarers who leave it again on the morrow. But now and then, there is one who comes and abides there for evermore, drawing others within its precincts. One of these was Antony the dreamer.

July days passed into August, and the barley

fields grew ripe in the sun and the soft west wind. The shimmering music of their bending grace reached Antony one day toward the hour for even-song. He raised himself on his elbow, and looked at Mistress Kezia who sat at her knitting by the window.

"I would see Roger," he said, gently. "Could he be sent for tonight, Kezia?"

"Aye, surely, if ye want him, Antony. 'Twill be none so difficult to persuade the lad to come to Windygarth," answered Mistress Kezia with a grim smile of humor. And she went away to dispatch Martin Cattermole to the rectory.

Half an hour later Roger's tall form stooped under the bedroom doorway. All his old strength had come back to him. His dark, gypsy features glowed with health, and were serene with happiness. The only shadow upon his brow during these wonderful days came when he looked at Antony. For he knew all too surely that the old dreamer was leaving the world behind. He sat down beside the bed and took the old man's frail hand in his. The window was open and the scent of the jessamine wreathed about it stole into the room. During all the rest of Roger's life that scent was to bring back to him this hour with the dying dreamer.

"You and Lucy love one another, Roger," said the old man, musingly.

"Yes, Master Antony." The eyes of the younger man took on the light that came there when Lucy's name was mentioned.

"Ye're both sure of it, my lad."



"Have we not reason to be? Yet 'tis a wonder that is new every day."

"Aye, lad; take care of it, cherish it, never let its wonder go—for 'tis the greatest, the only thing in the world."

"And the most humbling, for it touches everything," echoed Roger.

There was a pause and then Antony spoke again: "I could like to have seen ye man and wife before I go," he said. "Lucy is my ain one treasure, and I would fain leave her in safe keeping with love all about her close."

"If I could marry Lucy tomorrow, it would please me the better," said Roger, eagerly. "'Tis Mistress Kezia who keeps us apart that she may have time for all manner of plenishing."

"Then go ask the bairn to marry you soon, for the sake of an old man's whim," pleaded Antony. "Ye will find her down by Greymire. I sent her for a breath of air, and I will get my way with Kezia."

Roger went away down the zigzag path, his spirit aflame with eagerness. At first he could not find Lucy, but at last he caught sight of a muslin gown in a heather-filled hollow, and went toward it over the turf. Lucy looked up and saw him. A mischievous welcome sprang into her eyes.

"Is it you, sir?" she asked, demurely. "Methought you could not come tonight. Urgent matters kept you at home."

"So they did," returned Roger, "but your uncle sent for me."

"Then how is it you are not with him?"

"Because he has sent me to you."

"Oh—you are indeed a tractable young man," said Lucy, airily, though she made room for him beside her.

"As I hope you will prove a tractable young woman, when you hear what I have come to say."

Lucy said nothing, and her mischief died away. It was a windless evening, and the pure, pale sky was reflected in the stillness of the lake. Shadows crossed it that might belong to the legendary city below. The witchery of the oakwoods breathed mystery into life. And Roger, holding Lucy fast and close, asked her to step across the border of another mystery with him.

Lucy had never done things by halves, because she had usually counted the cost of her endeavor before she attempted it. When she gave herself to Roger she kept back no fragment of her own. So, now, with downcast eyes, and blushes that wrought a new charm in willful Lucy, she hesitated only long enough to make Roger beg for his boon.

Hand in hand they went back again up the zig-zag path to Windygarth, leaving lonely the silver, moorland lake beside which many love stories have been whispered, and where many more will possibly be told.

"You said you would never marry a Methodist, Lucy," said Roger, stooping to look at her before they left the lonely path.

"But I never said I would not marry Roger," re-

plied Lucy, archly, with her chin in the air, and her dimples coming and going. "You are an unwise man to remind a maid of all her rash resolves. She can usually find a way out of them."

"My treasure," cried Roger, kissing her, "the way out has led you straight to me."

"So it has—I did not think of that," laughed Lucy, though her eyes were full of love, and she pressed a little closer to Roger's side.

The old man was waiting for them in his chamber of peace, and his eyes were watching the door. A great content filled them as they caught sight of Lucy's face. She left her lover and crossing the room sat down on the side of the bed.

"I am going to please you, Uncle Antony," she said, her eyes filling with sudden tears.

"Thank the Lord, bairn. He loves me very dearly, Lucy, for he has kept my heart's desires so safe for me," said the old man whose outward life had been one long loneliness.

Lucy bent and kissed him gently. She was many years older before she knew all that he meant.

Wedding bells rang across the valley and over the heather where bees were busy. Their tone perchance was cracked and tuneless, but the music was in their undertone. And the little gray church was swept and garnished by Parson's Joe as it had never been before.

All the countryside was present when the rector of Garth married Lucy to his son. It was a joyous day to Goody Dawe, who had left her loom and closed her cottage door very early in the morning.

In her whitest kerchief and stiffest cap she was enjoying that satisfaction that belongs to the fulfillment of our own prophecies. By her side sat the landlord of the Dog and Gun, to whom a church was a strangely unfamiliar place. But Lucy was the only woman who had ever aroused his respect, and he had forsooth paid her the homage of coming to see her married.

It was Mistress Kezia who gave the bride away in her own taciturn fashion which no satisfaction could render otherwise. It was a scandalous thing in her aunt's mind that Lucy should enter the state of matrimony without a well-filled linen chest, and a store of homespun garments that should last throughout her life. But recent events had undermined the foundation of Mistress Kezia's will. Though she had raised her hands in pious horror, Antony had not pleaded in vain.

The old man waited with folded hands until he heard the bells ring out through the mellow silence and dreamful August sunshine. Then he lay wearily back upon his lavender scented pillows. He could chant his *Nunc Dimittis* now, and it would be no mournful dirge, but a triumphant pæan of praise. He had kept his faith. His life work was done. He had laid in younger but not less eager hands the treasure that a woman had left him. And now the soul that had never grown old with his body might wing its flight beyond the moorland to join the invisible choir whose music had been its own for long.

Lucy came again in her white garments to ask

for the old dreamer's blessing, and he laid his tired earthworn hands upon the two who loved each other. And then when they had gone away, he sighed a little sigh, and turning his face to the window, and the moorland, closed his eyes to the world. So in the true fashion and simple faith of a little child he entered the kingdom of heaven.









